

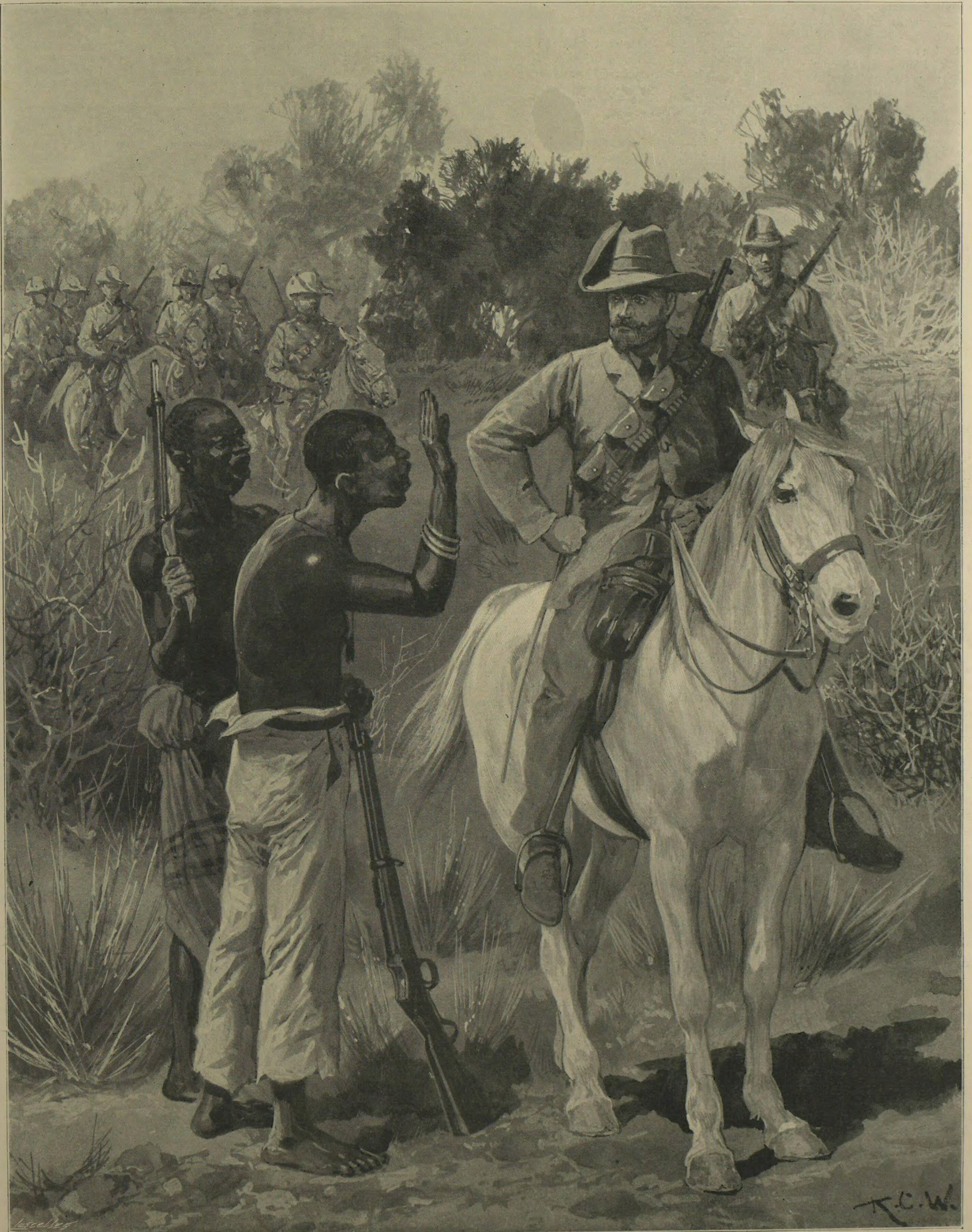
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS SIXPENCE.



GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BOER GUERRILLA FORCES.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The Editor of this Journal has handed me a letter addressed to him by a Dutch correspondent, whose wrath has been excited by a picture in *The Illustrated London News* of a Boer guerilla. This fighting-man was represented without shoes, and we are supposed to have meant this as an insult. Our Dutch judge reminds us of the Sansculottes of 1792, and their career of conquest. He is full of history and piety. "God—not the God of England (High and Low Church Idol)—but the Almighty, the Just, has smitten down Philip II. of Spain, once as mighty a Sovereign as late Queen Victoria, under analogous circumstances. And so may be the vengeance of History!" We are used to these historical parallels. The analogous Philip II. is always rising and wagging his sinister head at us. An oracle nearer home has shown that rebellion in Cape Colony is analogous to the rebellion against King Bomba. Bomba, Belshazzar, Macbeth, Philip, Herod, and Nero—these are our favourite models. "Under the mask of humanity," says the Dutch gentleman, we are deliberately starving old men, women, and children in the concentration camps. It is worse than that; he does not know his brief.

Considering these things, I find the language of our Dutch friend absurdly moderate. "Too unmighty and too coward even to subdue the armed men, you murder ignominiously innocent people, wives and children." I was in a train the other day between Brussels and Paris, and an elderly gentleman who had been reading a paper exclaimed "If I were young again, if I were twenty, I would go out and fight this race of murderers!" Needless to specify the race of murderers. I looked into his paper, and found the usual string of abominations laid to our charge. Other elderly gentlemen in various parts of Europe—readers of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, for example—probably explode every day in the same fashion, which seems to me quite inadequate. The wonder is that we are permitted to travel on the Continent without passports certifying that we are devoted admirers of Mr. Kruger, and of the English journal which is translated to him by a diligent private secretary, and transmitted to persons in South Africa who have the misfortune now and then to be tried for treason and shot by Bomba, Belshazzar, Macbeth, Philip, Herod, and Nero.

But the Dutch gentleman has a discerning eye, and fixes it on the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*. "I suppose you are a mighty man, and an honest man too—not in the sense of the honest man in 'Othello,' but the English gentleman, as we liked before to consider as such." The Editor was stirred by this; it flattered him to learn that he was not added to the list of "analogous circumstances" in the character of Iago. With a flush of pride he read on: "Two endeavours have already been made by Botha and Schalk Burger for honourable peace. Perhaps it is still time for England to withdraw without losing all! Lend your paper for this Idea, and you will do a good work for humanity's and England's sake!" It is a grand proposal, worthy of that tradition which ascribes to the Dutch the pleasant habit of giving too little and asking too much. An "honourable peace," which is to secure to the Boers the independence they forfeited when they invaded and annexed British territory! And if we grant it, this nice, obliging Dutchman will leave off calling us names. I fear "this Idea" is too exalted for this Journal. The Editor is resigned to the prospect of being compared to Cæsar Borgia. Something gruesome and analogous ought to be in store for me. I would humbly suggest Eugene Aram.

Romance still visits the commonplaces of our lives. I saw a play lately in which a swain is arrested, handcuffed, and otherwise maltreated for marrying a ward in Chancery. Moreover, he is told that worse things will befall him when he meets that terrible personage, the Lord Chancellor. Why did it not occur to the playwright to make the swain the ward in Chancery and the lady the law-breaker? I gather from the newspapers that such is the predicament of a damsel who has married, or is about to marry, one of the Lord Chancellor's legal brood. What will happen to her? She is liable, it is said, to be admonished by the terrible personage and sent to prison. Lord Halsbury is reputed to be a ruthless man; but I question whether he will go so far. Should we stand by and see a lovely bride consigned to a dungeon? The next Drury Lane drama ought to deal with this theme. There might be the scene of a popular rising—something on the scale of the Gordon Riots—the Law Courts burnt down, the Lord Chancellor flying for his life, and taking refuge in the house of the bride, who would find him secreted in the cellar, admonish him prettily, and send him home with an escort of chimney-sweepers and a large piece of wedding-cake.

It is also romantic to find that a nobleman occasionally travels with fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewellery. I suppose his hair-brushes have gold backs, crusted

with gems. If he is a belted earl, perhaps the belt is made of diamonds, and worn with evening dress. A passion for jewellery is by no means confined to women or to members of the aristocracy. I hear of men who sparkle in their sleeve-links, and change them when they change their shirts. There is a gentleman in one of Scott's novels who wears a massive gold chain round his neck, and when he wants to pay a reckoning or make a present, bites off a link with his strong white teeth. I fear the teeth of to-day are not equal to this achievement; but, happily, it is unnecessary. The man with many pairs of costly sleeve-links can give a handful to a needy friend, or toss them grandly to a cabman. A note of sordid envy may be detected in these remarks. When a man makes one set of sleeve-links last a lifetime, and presents a solitary shirt-stud to the disdainful eye of society, he may take a depraved pleasure in the news that the fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewels has been abstracted from the nobleman's baggage. But that is not my sentiment. I have an honest liking for magnificence; and when Herod (not the South African Herod, but the Herod of Her Majesty's Theatre) used to dip his hand in a bag of sapphires, and let them stream through his fingers, I had a glow of Oriental emotion.

Some analogous feeling must have prompted those distinguished men of letters to testify on behalf of M. Tailhade, convicted of publishing an incitement to murder the Czar. They said he must be a good man because he was a poet; he wrote a crystal style touched with golden fires; he was one of the glories of French literature. A barbarous tribunal failed to see how this was a palliation of an incitement to murder the Sovereign who happened to be the guest of France. M. Tailhade was sent to prison, and some young men who heard the horrid fiat promptly signified their sympathy with Anarchy. If a crystal style touched with golden fires is to be punished by law when it advocates murder, then society ought to be blown up. This reasoning could not have commended itself to the distinguished men of letters; but they seemed to think it did not matter what the poet wrote, so long as his style was a fiery crystal.

When you have any sleeve-links to spare in Paris, you may afford the luxury of dining "chez Maire" or "chez Paillard." I remember a repast at Paillard's years ago, when there was a fresh table-napkin for every course. If my host on that occasion had changed his studs from diamonds to sapphires, from sapphires to pearls, and so on in a glittering sequence, I could not have been filled with more respectful wonder. A different spectacle was prepared at Paillard's one evening last week for a number of illustrious visitors, including (I read in the *Figaro*) "un grand-duc et plusieurs lords." Shareholders in the company that owns the restaurants of Maire and Paillard assembled to give M. Paillard notice to quit. They breakfasted at Maire's, but M. Paillard was serene. They dined at Paillard's, and there, also, he was immovable. His partisans feasted and glared at the enemy, but the undaunted *patron* impartially spread his best cookery before them all. What a run on the table-napkins! It was a sight indeed for the "plusieurs lords": but they did not come. This is strange, for I should have thought that such a scene, and such fare, would be relished by the most jaded sportsman.

These vagaries contribute so much to the piquancy of life that I am inclined to look askance at the very able treatise by Dr. Bernard Hollander on the functions of the brain. Dr. Hollander contends that every faculty has its definite area within the skull, and that aberrations can be localised, and treated by surgery. This opens a fine vista for scientific research. Some day it may be possible, by opening a man's head in the right place, to cure the particular lesion which makes him imagine that his country is always in the wrong. But will it be desirable to effect such a cure? Think of the monotony of the world without the aberrations of a Stead! Science might become so despotic that people distinguished by harmless and engaging eccentricity, such as the belief that British officers are bloodthirsty savages, might be handed over by the law to the surgeons, and speedily reduced to the mental level of the average citizen. In this way originality would be eradicated, and life robbed of its unexpected charm.

Swift was an unconscious pioneer of science when he showed how brains were exchanged in Laputa. A gentleman sat in a chair, as if about to have his hair cut. The top of his head was gently removed, and a portion of the brain transferred to another head, which sent him a similar contribution. I am afraid we shall not develop surgery as far as that. But when heads are opened for the improvement of the faculties, why should not one man's excess of brain befriend the poverty of another's? This should be helpful in the coalition of parties and the formation of "alternative Governments." We should then be able to study the workings of the composite Asquith-Campbell-Bannerman brain, or the vagaries of the Balfour-cum-Rosebery cerebellum.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING-BIRD,"

AT WYNDHAM'S.

A mere resetting of the stagey old story of "Still Waters" seems anachronistic entertainment to offer lovers of realistic comedy like Mr. Wyndham's patrons, especially as in his new version Mr. Isaac Henderson only accentuates the conventionalities of the earlier piece. Some playwrights atone for re-employing those eternal puppets of drawing-room melodrama—neglected wife, unscrupulous lover, blind-seeming but watchful husband—by investing them with a semblance of psychological subtlety. But "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird" contains but the most stereotyped characterisation, scarce the smallest plausibility of conduct. The one merit of the play is the ingenuity with which a fresh sensational element, that of a vendetta directed against the lover, is tacked on to the main scheme, and so the avenger is made the deadly tool of the outraged husband. Quaint, no doubt, is the pantomime by which these curious associates—scientific peer and itinerant organ-grinder—reach an understanding over dinner; clever, too, is the use to which their symbols of conversation are turned in the big scene of theatrical excitement. But, even popularly considered, Mr. Wyndham's new production is only important as affording our most accomplished comedian in the rôle of the "mummy" husband unusually varied opportunities of displaying humour and emotion. Incidentally, it emphasises Mr. Wyndham's incapacity for sustained declamation, as also that of Miss Ashwell, who otherwise plays the unhappy heroine with her usual pretty abstracted air and appealing naturalness. Mr. Taber, however, produces really a striking rhetorical effect in his passionate but not too highly coloured representation of the (Italian) "humming-bird"; and it is the acting of the three principals alone (Miss Mary Moore is cast for quite an insignificant part) that makes just now any visit to Wyndham's worth while.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AGAIN AT THE HAYMARKET.

Monday night's reopening of the Haymarket Theatre and revival of "The Second in Command" is a matter calling for no very particular comment. The preposterous story of this alleged "comedy" was once more related to an enthusiastic house. The metaphors which in Captain Marshall's conversations replace the dialogue of everyday life were once more welcomed as miracles of wit and fine writing. And Mr. Cyril Maude, playing his part of Major Bingham for the three hundred and first time—once more extracted facile tears from unreasoning sentimentalists. For the rest, it suffices to say that Mr. Allen Aynesworth still acts Colonel Anstruther in a stolid, monotonous, unemotional manner; that Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald stamps his own individuality on the comic Fitzgibbon Yeoman of the play; and that Miss Winifred Emery continues to reveal a complete, if too mannered, command of her considerable artistic resources in the uncongenial rôle of Muriel Mainwaring.

"A TIGHT CORNER," AT TERRY'S.

If exceptional brightness of dialogue—and there are gems of conversational humour in Mr. Bowkett's farce—if two droll sketches of apparently fantastic but possibly actual low life—and these admirably interpreted—could of themselves make a play amusing, hope might remain for Terry's Theatre and "A Tight Corner." Certainly few funnier sights—for the time being—have been seen in a London playhouse than Mr. Welch's weedy and talkative Cockney burglar posturing as a charming girl's aristocratic husband, or Miss Kate Phillips's snuffling and amorous cook crying over her "company's" disappearance. But in the end even these clever comedians became monotonous. And all because the author, after starting with a good old-fashioned Capulet-Montague quarrel and secret marriage, and then making burglar and bridegroom exchange identities, imagined that his characters had only to be foolish to be funny, and that his complications need only be tortuous to provoke laughter.

"GREYNA GREEN," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The old order of entertainment changes, and nowhere more distinctly than at the Alhambra, which used to call itself the home of ballet. There is no ground for complaint; ballet has outlived its welcome, and in its place has come a spectacular display that is nearer to the theatre than any of its predecessors. "Greytna Green" is so very much like comic opera that the official description, "vocal divertissement," does nothing to hide the resemblance. In many points it is superior to similar productions at a theatre. First, the story and the dialogue are free from any point of offence, and recall the operettas of some years ago. Secondly, the chorus is better, and the dancing, of which there is little, is superior to what we see in the best London theatres. The reason is not far to seek. A house like the Alhambra has more of a stock company than a theatre, its artists work together constantly, and as much attention is paid to the condition of chorus and ballet as to the work of the principals. "Greytna Green" succeeds in presenting pretty songs, bright music, and pleasing dances, all having due relation to each other, within the short space of forty minutes, and in that time stage-manager and ballet-master contrive to make the most effective use of the two hundred or more people employed on the stage.

THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

The Covent Garden Ball season recommenced on Friday last, Oct. 11, and dancers could discern several improvements effected for their comfort. Thus there is a pleasant background now representing Monte Carlo and vicinity, and it was fitting, therefore, that a costume portraying "The Sunny South" should win the first prize. Then Messrs. Readle and Forsyth have erected on the floor-level a smoking-room lounge, charmingly decorated and fitted with fire-proof curtains. Finally, the interior of the theatre is illuminated with amber and white festoons of lamps arranged on the very newest electric system. The first prize was secured by Madame Vernon,



## THE PURSUIT OF BOTHA.

General Louis Botha is being gradually hemmed in in that district of the Transvaal which lies immediately north of Natal. About Oct. 10 Botha, being hard pressed, split his main body into two sections, and he himself has been located at Piet Retief, some sixty miles north of Vryheid. British forces are to the north, south, and east of him, and General Plumer's column of Queenslanders, New Zealanders, and artillery has arrived at Volksrust to take part in a concerted movement against the Boer leader.

## LORD ROBERTS IN MANCHESTER.

Lord Roberts paid a visit to Manchester on Oct. 9, in order to open the Royal Military Tournament and to unveil the statue of Queen Victoria erected by public subscription to commemorate her late Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. After the reception in state by the Lord Mayor, the Commander-in-Chief, who was accompanied by Lord Derby, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, his aide-de-camp, and Major-General Swaine, inspected a group of Crimea and Indian Mutiny veterans at the Hulme Barracks, and also some five hundred members of the Church Lads' Brigade. He then proceeded to the building in which the tournament was held, and, entering the arena, presented South African War medals to Volunteers, Yeomanry, and others. The programme was then gone through in the presence of a very large audience. On the following day Lord Roberts unveiled Mr. Onslow Ford's statue. Sir Frank Adam, chairman of the memorial fund, requested the Commander-in-Chief to perform the ceremony of unveiling, and reminded him that it was exactly fifty years ago that the late Queen first visited the town.

## THE TRAINING OF THE NEW YEOMANRY OFFICERS AT ALDERSHOT.

Colonel the Hon. E. J. Lindley has under his charge at Aldershot for training in mounted infantry work several young Yeomanry officers, most of whom have only just joined their regiments. During the mornings they go out on horseback, carrying rifles, and are instructed in troop as well as infantry drill. Out of each section of four, three men dismount for action, while the fourth retires with their horses behind cover. The action over, they remount and gallop to another position, dismounting as before, and again act as infantry. They are also taught outpost work. The "Cossack post" consists of three mounted men, one of whom dismounts and goes forward scouting, while the remaining two keep under cover with his horse. In the afternoon Colonel Lindley lectures on the morning's work, explaining the various manœuvres the officers have been put through. Then they are free to colour their meerschaums or otherwise amuse themselves, unless they wish privately to improve themselves in various exercises. The troop presents an odd appearance, as the uniforms of various regiments are represented. Although nearly all of the same cut, they are dissimilar in colour, red, green, blue, and khaki predominating.

## FURTHER DISCOVERIES AT ROME.

During the work of laying bare the base of the Arch of Titus there has been discovered between that structure and the Palatine Hill a large area which is believed to be the site of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, of which up to the present time no trace has been found. According to the legend, during the fight between the Romans and the Sabines in the Valley of the Forum, when the Romans were giving way before the onset of the Sabines, they called on Jove to aid them, promising to consecrate to him a temple on the battle-ground. Hence was erected the Temple of Jupiter Stator, the stayer of the flight. In the earliest times, the Temple may have been no more than an area or sacred enclosure, with perhaps an altar. The Temple of Jupiter Stator known to Roman topographers was not constructed until the year 294 B.C. by the Consul Marcus Atilius Regulus. In the Temple during the days of the Republic the Senate often held its meetings, and there Cicero delivered his first speech against Catiline. In the year 64 A.D. the Temple was burnt down by Nero, and was probably reconstructed by Vespasian. Certainly it was in existence in the fourth century of our era. According to Vitruvius, the building was in the Corinthian style. The discovery of the area was made in the last week of September.

## THE ROYAL TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY.

The Royal Toxophilite Society, whose Autumn Handicap is shot for on two days in October of every year, occupies an important position in the archery world. The society was founded by Sir Ashton Lever in 1871. The archers used to meet at Leicester House, in Leicester Square, and afterwards held meetings at Canonbury, Islington, Highbury Barn, and Vauxhall, and in the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company. They had also a ground in Gower Street, and after losing their accommodation there, they seem to have shot at Highbury. In 1883, they found their present home at Regent's Park. According to the Badminton Library, the club may claim to be the only society which is a nursery of shooting among men. During the fifty years following the foundation of the Grand National Championship in 1844, that honour had been held by only three gentlemen who did not belong, or had not belonged, to the society.

## THE FAILURE OF THE BALLOON VOYAGE TO ALGIERS.

The Count de la Vaulx, accompanied by M. de Saint Victor, M. Hervé, and Lieutenant Tapissier, of the French Navy, ascended in the balloon "Méditerranéen" from Les Sablettes, near Toulon, for their journey to Algeria at eleven o'clock in the evening of Oct. 12, and anticipated reaching their destination on Oct. 16. The balloon,

which was guided by means of *déviateurs* and lighted by electricity, was escorted by the cruiser *Du Chayla*, lent for the purpose by the Minister of Marine. All went well until the Monday, when the unfavourable winds which had been met from the outset increased in violence, and Count de la Vaulx, finding that he must inevitably be driven on to the Spanish coast, signalled to the *Du Chayla* to come to his aid, tore a hole in his balloon, and descended into the sea close to the vessel, then ten miles to the east of the St. Laurent Lighthouse, twenty-eight kilometres north of Port Vendres. The daring aeronauts and their balloon reached Toulon on Tuesday morning. They had been forty-one hours in the air.

## THE KEMPTON PARK STAKES.

The first race for the Kempton Park Stakes, inaugurated to enable the best horses to meet on terms of equality, was won on Oct. 11 by Mr. T. Kincaid's Epsom Lad, which beat Volodyovski, the winner of this year's Derby; Doricles, the winner of the St. Leger; Santoi, the winner of the Jubilee Stakes and the Ascot Cup, William the Third, and Merry Gal. Volodyovski, the favourite, finished third, and Santoi was second. At the start the favourite made the running from Santoi and Epsom Lad; but as the horses left the rails side Epsom Lad went to the front and held his position until the last, when he came in first by three parts of a length. There was a head between the second and third.

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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A true Highland welcome awaited their Majesties on Oct. 7 when they visited the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. The King and Queen, who were accompanied by Count Mensdorff Pouilly and Lord James of Hereford, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Household, were received by the Duff Highlanders, who were drawn up outside the house under the command of Mr. W. Mackintosh, the Duke's factor. After luncheon an impromptu display was given by the Highlanders. Crossed swords were laid down, and one of the clansmen danced "Gillie Callum" to the music of the bagpipes. With the royal party were the little Princes Edward and George of Cornwall and York, who stood close to their illustrious grandfather to watch the dancing. Before leaving, his Majesty presented the Royal Victorian Medal to Ronald Macdonald, the Duke's head stalker. On the following Wednesday, the King, who had entirely recovered from his indisposition, took part in a deer-drive in Ballochbuie Forest. The weather on Upper Deeside had happily improved, and the King and Queen were able to take frequent drives on the royal estate and in the surrounding district. Her Majesty, maintaining the gracious practice of

sustained bodily loss the Duke showed himself especially gracious. The last to receive his decoration was Trooper Molloy, who lost his sight in the service of the Empire. Both the Duke and Duchess detained this gallant soldier in conversation for some time. The next day brought the most picturesque ceremonies, when their Royal Highnesses visited the lumber-yard. The Duke and Duchess took an exciting voyage on a raft down one of the slides. It is noteworthy that, forty years before, his Majesty the King—then Prince of Wales—enjoyed a similar adventure. The party next embarked in birch canoes, and were paddled by Indians down the river to Rockcliffe. There, from the spacious boathouse and pavilion, the royal visitors watched an exhibition of log-rolling and a fine race between Indian war-canoes, manned on this occasion by crews of white men. A visit to the lumber-camp followed, and in a log shanty erected for the occasion the Duke and Duchess were entertained to a lumber-man's luncheon of pork and beans. A contest in tree-felling, log-splitting, and other details of the woodman's craft brought the proceedings to a close. The foreman lumber-man was introduced, and delivered so amusing a speech on his own private pecuniary troubles that the royal party were moved to the heartiest and most good-natured laughter.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL, TAKEN IN CANADA.

Queen Victoria, has gone to see several of the residents whom her late Majesty used to honour with a visit, and both she and the King have given many examples of that kindness of heart which has endeared them to the people. Towards the children whom she meets on the roadside Queen Alexandra is especially gracious, and no subject is too small to receive a kind word and a smile. During their drives their Majesties are often accompanied by the Duke of Cornwall's children, and little Prince Edward returns public greetings with the grave courtesy that is so well known to Londoners.

## THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT OTTAWA.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to Ottawa, which this week forms the subject of most of our Illustrations of the royal tour, began on Sept. 20. An impressive scene was witnessed outside Parliament House, where the address of welcome was presented, and later in the day the Duke and Duchess visited a lacrosse match, and saw a magnificent struggle between the Ottawa and Cornwall teams. His Royal Highness started the ball, and watched the match from beginning to end. At the close he congratulated the Ottawa team, who proved the victors, and walked off the ground in company with the field captain. It is currently reported that the Duke declared lacrosse to be the finest game in the world. Whether that be the case or not, his hearty interest in the national sport procured for him an outburst of enthusiastic greeting which has not been paralleled in the history of the tour. The principal ceremony of the following day was the unveiling of the statue of Queen Victoria and a presentation of war medals to men who had distinguished themselves in the South African Campaign. At the moment of the unveiling, Sir Wilfrid Laurier called for "God Save the King!" which was sung by the gathering. Lieutenant Holland, who saved the guns at Lilliefontaine, received the Victoria Cross, and was kindly addressed by the Duke, who shook hands with him. To those who had

says the design is too imposing for the subject and cannot be readily grasped by the common people. The Council, perhaps naturally, sides with its own official adviser, and the independent organs of the Press declare that the case must be taken as a test one, deciding whether or not the Municipality, in such matters as street traffic and decoration, is to be in the leading-strings of the Kaiser.

## PERSIAN GULF INCIDENT.

The quarrels between the Sheikh Mubarak's force and the Ameer of Nejd's tribes necessitated the strengthening of the naval power of England in the Persian Gulf. We have frustrated Turkey's intention to attack Mubarak, who has long flown the Turkish flag—in honour of the Mussulman religion, he explains, and not as a symbol of dependence on the Porte. Not that Turkey proclaimed its warlike intent. On the contrary, it maintains that the 30,000 men it has massed at Busrah are intended for a march across Arabia to suppress disaffection in Yemen. All the same, Commander Pears, of the cruiser *Perseus*, refused to allow a Turkish ship to land 500 troops at Koweit. The *Perseus* cleared her decks, and kept a searchlight on the Turkish vessel all one night when the deportation was expected to be surreptitiously carried out. The result was the return of the invading force. A little later, the



Photo. C. Pietzner, Vienna.

THE ARCHDUCHESS ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA, ENGAGED TO PRINCE OTTO VON WINDISCHGRATZ.

situation was reported as "quieter." The Nejd tribesmen ceased to menace Koweit, and Admiral Bosanquet did not think it necessary to leave Bombay. The Persian Gulf, it will be remembered, came within the British "sphere of influence" at the end of the eighteenth century, when the Sultan of Muscat sought our protection and Napoleon was contemplating the seizure of Oman as a basis of naval attack on India.

## ENGAGEMENT OF THE ARCHDUCHESS ELISABETH.

A marriage has been arranged between the Archduchess Elisabeth, daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, and Prince Otto von Windischgrätz. The bride's mother, formerly, and somewhat tragically, known as the Crown Princess Stéphanie, is now, by the second marriage, Countess Lonyay. The Archduchess is in her nineteenth year, and perhaps some memories of the past, mingled with a certain air of romance which has been thrown over her betrothals, have made her marriage one that is not only approved by the Emperor, but also enthusiastically welcomed by the people. The bridegroom belongs to a family which has equality of rank with reigning houses; he is ten years the senior of the Archduchess, is a First Lieutenant in the Lancers, and will shortly complete his studies at the Military Academy and be attached to the General Staff. The Archduchess has



THE SHEIKH MUBARAK OF KOWEIT, HIS SON, AND THREE ATTENDANTS.



# THE TRAINING OF THE NEW YEOMANRY OFFICERS AT ALDERSHOT.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ALDERSHOT.



"HE DOES IT WITH A BETTER GRACE  
BUT I DO IT MORE NATURAL" (Twelfth Night. Act 2. Sc 3)



COLONEL  
THE HON. J.E. LINDLEY  
THE O.C.



TAKING UP A NEW POSITION  
ADVANCING BY SECTIONS IN EXTENDED ORDER



OUTPOST DUTY  
THE COSSACK POST.



"BY HEAVENS, METHINKS IT WERE AN EASY LEAP"  
(KING HENRY IV. PART I.  
1. 3.)



AFTERNOON LECTURES—  
BY COL LINDLEY

"WHOSE WORDS ALL EARS  
TOOK CAPTIVE"  
(ALL'S WELL THAT  
ENDS WELL)  
V. 3

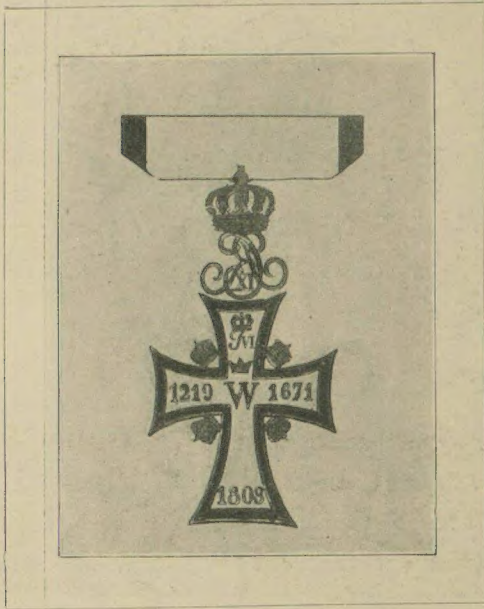
RALPH CLEAVER  
1901.



behaved with considerable independence in the matter, and has carried out the resolution of marrying only the man of her choice which she expressed last winter when a Würtemberg Prince desired her hand.

#### THE KING'S NEW ORDERS.

The Dannebrog, conferred on King Edward by his father-in-law during the recent visit to Denmark, was instituted



THE ORDER OF THE DANNEBROG,  
CONFERRED ON KING EDWARD VII. BY KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK

in 1219 by Waldemar II. To cheer his wavering soldiers, Waldemar pretended that a flag had fallen from heaven. The extemporised banner was marked with a cross, and was called Dannebrog, "Strength of the Danes." Hence the Order in commemoration. The Star of Ethiopia has just been conferred on King Edward by the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia.

#### GENERAL BULLER'S SPEECH.

General Sir Redvers Buller, in the Queen's Hall, Buckingham Gate, at a luncheon given by the Queen's Westminster Volunteers to the Service Section which the corps sent to South Africa, made a speech which is still echoing over the world. Sir Redvers Buller is a soldier of undoubted personal prestige with the Army, and particularly with those who have served under him. Many men might be content with that; but Sir Redvers seems to be more exacting, almost to the point of demanding a unanimous public opinion in favour of his appointment to the command of the First Army Corps. Several papers, which Sir Redvers mentioned by name and addressed in the rather embarrassed persons of the Pressmen present at the luncheon—"Mr. Times reporter," and so on—did not approve that appointment; and the story, long familiar in military circles, of the discouraging despatch addressed after his defeat at Colenso to Sir George White in Ladysmith became the subject of disparaging allusion. The fact that the General had written lately a letter into which the public read the inference that he could deny the sending of that message if he would, gave all the greater salt to his admission that such a message had been sent to the beleaguered garrison, under the belief, he explained, that Sir George White would need a friendly cover for capitulation, and under the belief also that provisions would not last in Ladysmith until he was strong enough to relieve it. "Never give your reasons," is an old axiom which General Buller may have been unwise to disregard. At any rate, the flood-gates of controversy—some of it perhaps a little less than seemly—have been opened; and in the

#### THE NEW AMEER.

The new Ameer of Afghanistan has begun his career with a success, inasmuch as he has come to the throne without bloodshed and without even a wordy dispute. Oriental rulers are not always, or even often, so fortunate. But Habibullah Khan had the path made plain for him, in great measure, by his father, Abdur Rahman, who counselled his other sons to allow the sceptre to pass undisputed into the hands of their brother. The example of the Princes has been followed by all the great chiefs, near and far, Kabul giving the lead to Kandahar. The new Ameer has, besides, his own past to thank for the peaceful triumph of his present. He has served his apprenticeship to the State. Though he was not his father's Foreign Secretary—for Abdur Rahman was his own—he held posts of domestic importance, such as that of Minister of Finance. He has also held control of the army, and has held it creditably, though he has no particular reputation as a soldier of genius. His personal intrepidity is undoubted, and is a necessary recommendation to the goodwill of a community of mountaineers, born and bred to deeds of prowess. As a dispenser of justice he has had good practice, and though his methods are not always those which a British jury might commend, they are in accord with the sense and spirit of his people. A further hold upon his subjects is afforded him by his orthodoxy as a Mohammedan. He has at his command—it was his father's boast—100,000 fighting men. He inherits,



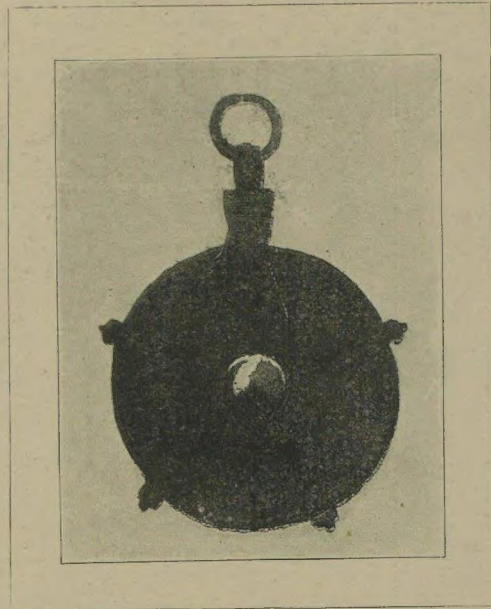
THE NEW AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN, HABIBULLAH KHAN,  
ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

among so much else that is desirable, a confidence in England's policy. Nor is there, on the part of England, the least reason to fear from Russia a breach in the good understanding which leaves the territory of the Ameer within the political influence of Great Britain.

#### THE "COBRA" INQUIRY.

It is a little disconcerting to find among experts a considerable difference of opinion as to the cause of the break-up of the *Cobra*. Such was the disclosure made by the evidence tendered before the court-

managing director of the Elswick Shipbuilding Yard, and naval architect to the Elswick firm, seemed the closest to the mark. Asked by the President whether the weight of machinery put into the *Cobra* was in excess of the estimate on which she was built, the reply came in the affirmative; and that excess of weight was estimated at a minimum of thirty tons. The theory that the stress of the waves at each end broke the boat in two has been



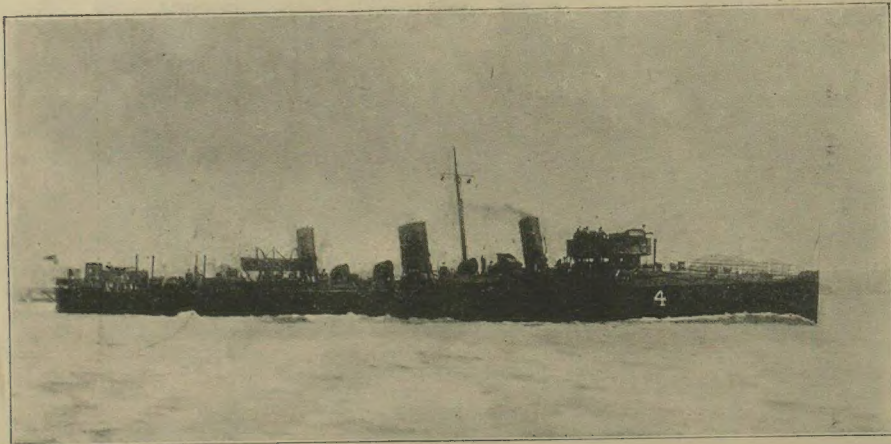
THE ORDER OF THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA,  
CONFERRED ON KING EDWARD VII. BY THE EMPEROR MENELIK.

already put forward; and Mr. Watts' evidence seems to confirm it.

The disaster to the *Cobra* was followed by the buckling of the *Crane* on Oct. 8, and of the *Vulture* a few days later, fortunately, however, without serious consequences. The *Crane*, which is attached to the Portsmouth instructional flotilla, was on her way to join the Reserve Squadron at Portland, and had shipped several seas when it was noticed that a number of her deck-plates amidships were bent. The sea was rough, and it was decided that she should put back to port. The *Vulture* belonged to the same flotilla, and was also proceeding to Portland. She encountered heavy weather, and her deck buckled badly, several plates being broken. She has been docked for repairs.

#### THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The Leeds Musical Festival began on Oct. 9 with the singing of the National Anthem to Dr. Stanford's setting, followed by Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam" Overture, the audience standing during the rendering of the work. Next came the performance of the "Messiah," with Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. Ben Davies among the soloists. In the evening, Mr. Coleridge Taylor's new cantata, "The Blind Girl of Castel-Mille," the poem by Jasmin, translated by Longfellow, was given under the baton of the composer. On the following day the programme was opened with Verdi's "Requiem Mass," conducted by Dr. Stanford, and included Bach's Concerto for strings, the choral song "Last Post," Palestrina's motet "Surge Illuminare," and Tschaiikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini." The programme of the evening concert contained, among other works, "Leonora" Overture No. 2, Joachim's scena "Marfa," and the finale of the second act of Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." On Friday were given Mendelssohn's Ninety-eighth Psalm for two four-part choruses; Schumann's Symphony in D minor (Op. 120); Spohr's Concertante for two violins in B minor; the finale to the first act of "Parsifal," and other items. The last day of the festival



H.M.S. "VULTURE," DAMAGED BY BUCKLING.



H.M.S. "CRANE," BUCKLED OCTOBER 8.

#### THE "BUCKLING" OF TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS: TWO FURTHER CASES.

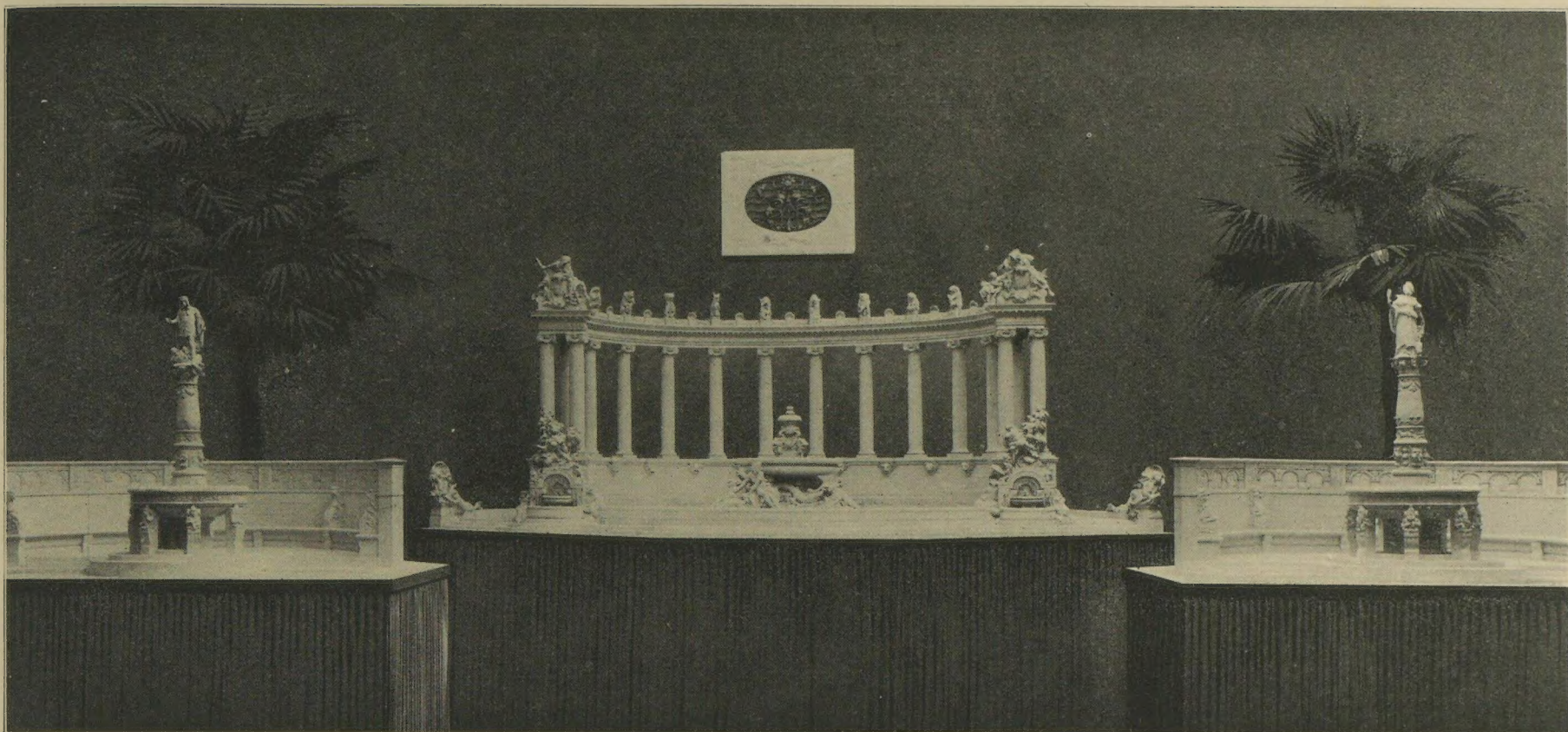
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SYMONDS, PORTSMOUTH.

resulting clamour there is scarcely the possibility of a hearing for the correspondent who reminds us that Lord Roberts, who has been General Buller's critic and chief, knew better than anyone the ins and outs of South African campaigning, and, with that full knowledge, approved, if he did not actually make, his appointment to the First Army Corps.

martial held on board the *Victory* at Portsmouth under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich. These witnesses had the advantage over the ordinary citizen of being not only experts, but experts who were eye-witnesses of the catastrophe—an advantage which has its doubtful points. Of all the testimony, that given by Mr. Philip Watts, F.R.S.,

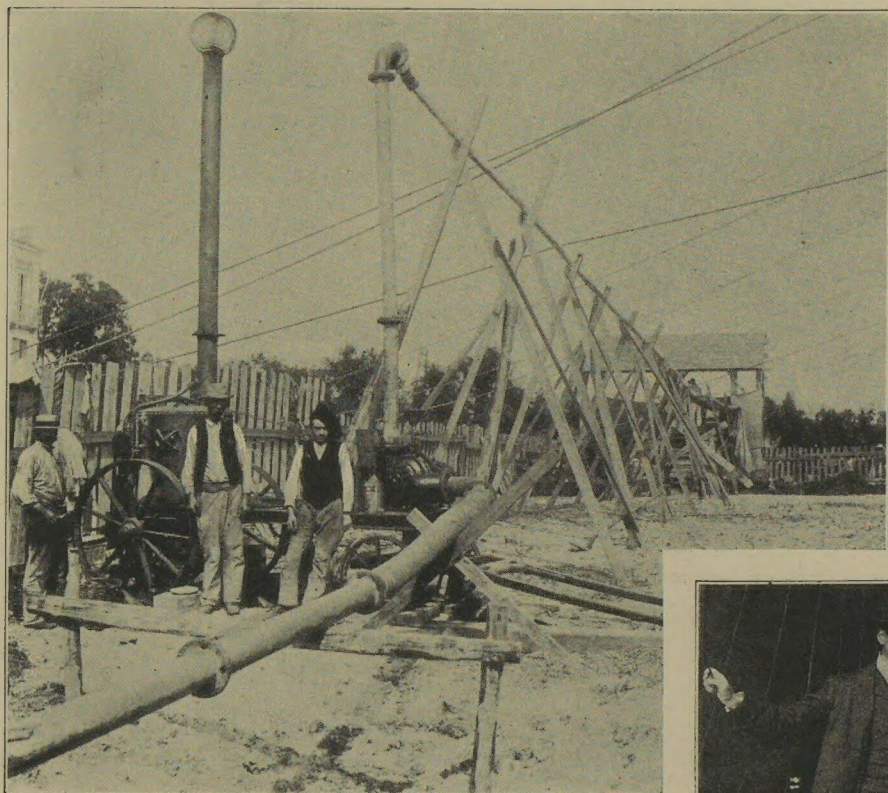
began with Bach's "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," followed by Beethoven's Mass in D. The programme of the evening concert was somewhat miscellaneous. The festival has been pronounced an undeniable success. Never before in England has such excellence of choir and orchestra been attained, and in every particular the work was creditable to the projectors of the undertaking.



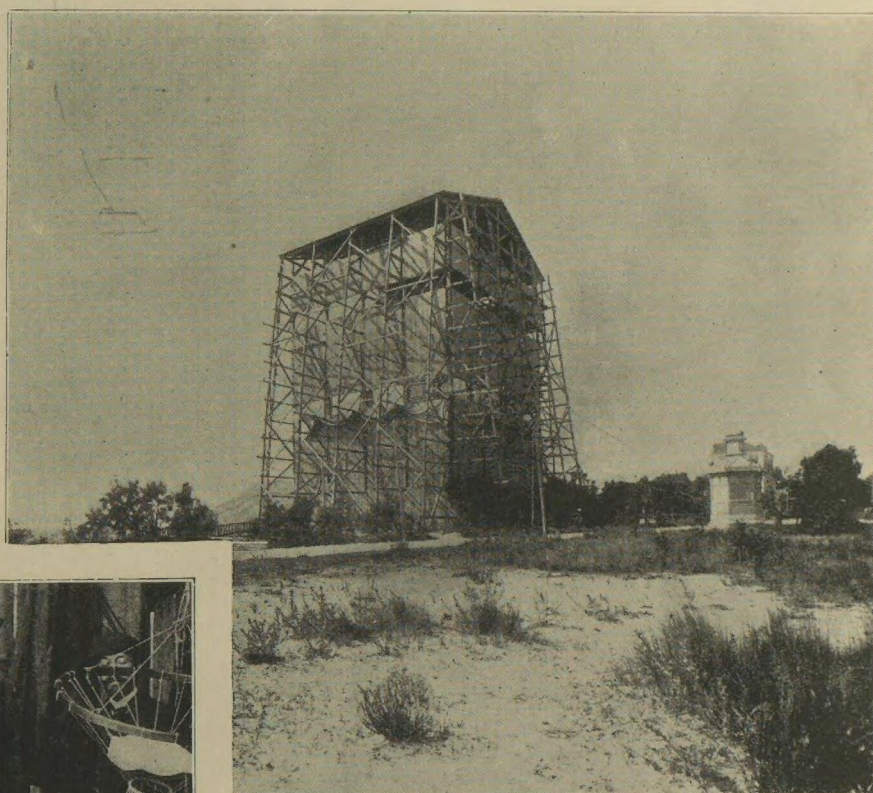


*Photo. Brauschitz, Berlin.*

THE KAISER AND THE BERLIN FOUNTAINS ILLUSTRATING FAIRY TALES: THE DESIGNS TO WHICH HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY OBJECTED AS TOO ELABORATE



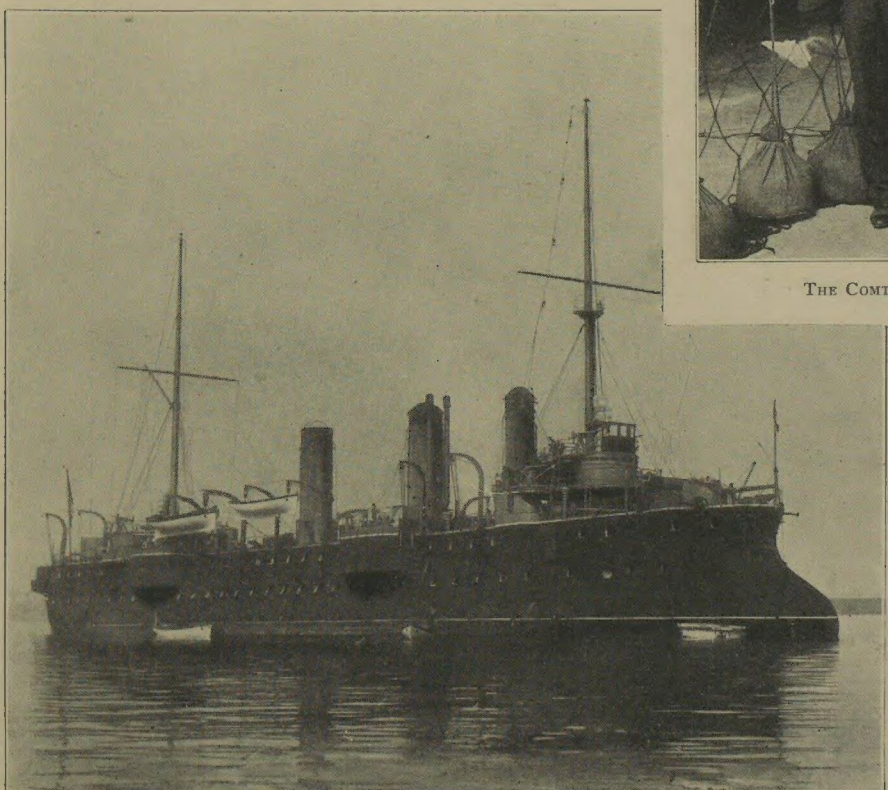
THE ENGINE USED IN MAKING GAS FOR THE BALLOON.



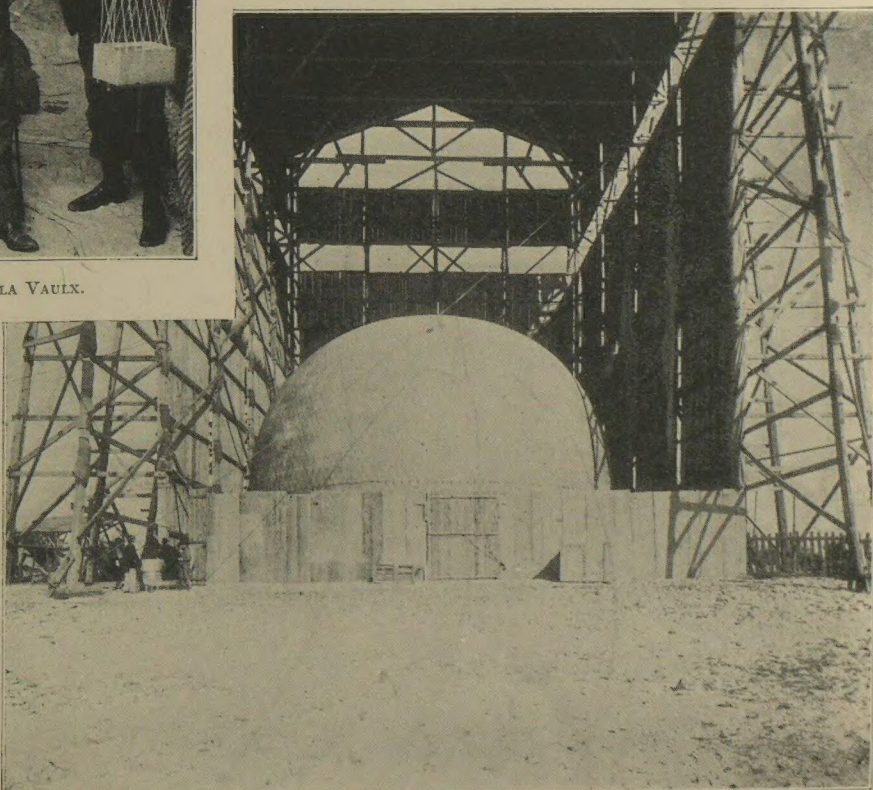
THE BALLOON-SHED AT LES SABLETTES: NORTH SIDE



THE COMTE DE LA VAULX.



THE FRENCH CRUISER "DU CHAYLA," WHICH ESCORTED AND BROUGHT BACK THE BALLOON.



THE BALLOON-SHED, SOUTH SIDE, SHOWING THE "MÉDITERRANÉEN" HALF INFLATED.

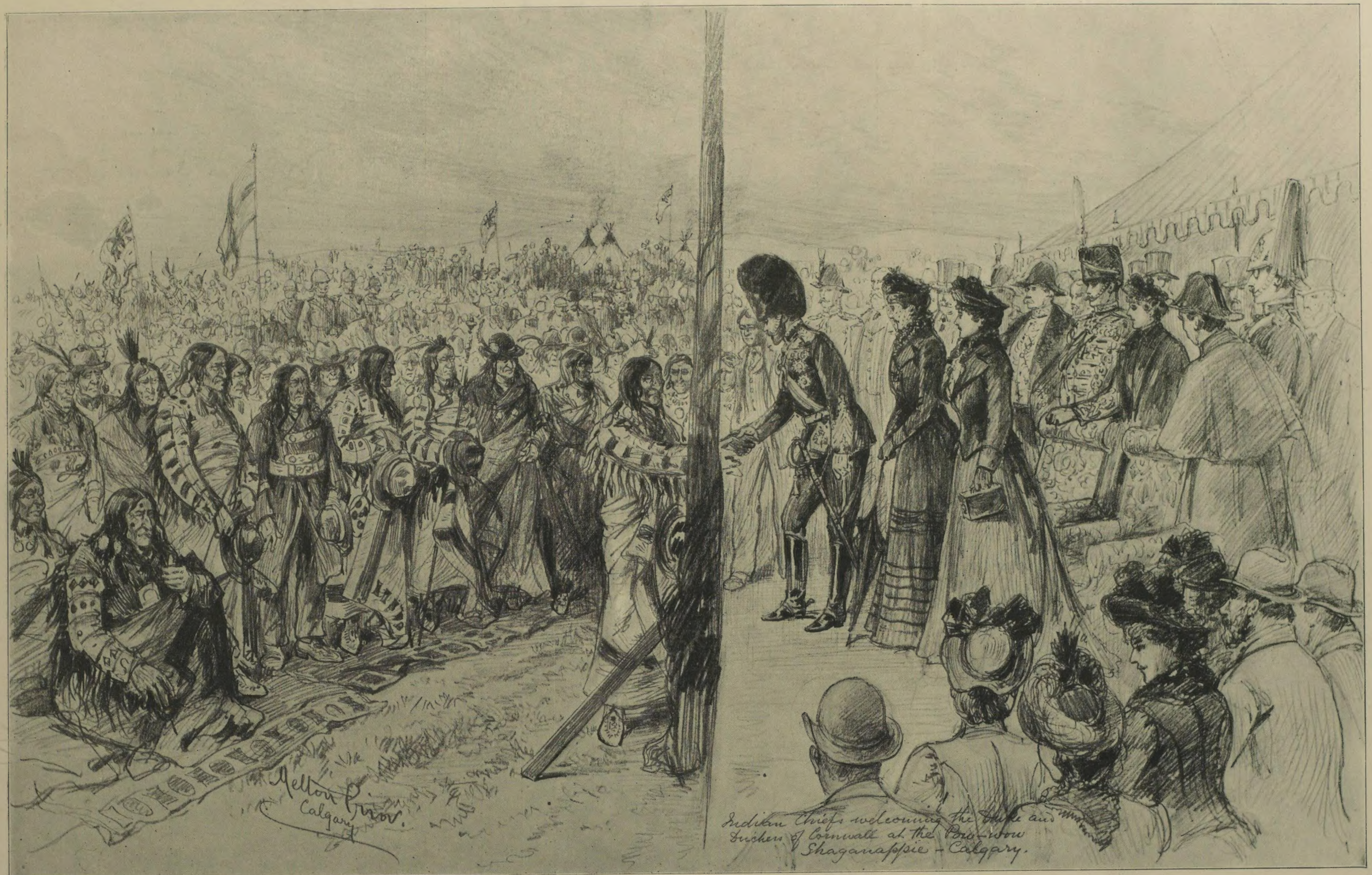
THE FAILURE OF THE COMTE DE LA VAULX'S BALLOON TRIP FROM TOULON TO ALGIERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIUS BAR, TOULON.



# THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL IN CANADA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



*Indian Chiefs welcoming the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall at the Pow-wow Shaganappie - Calgary.*

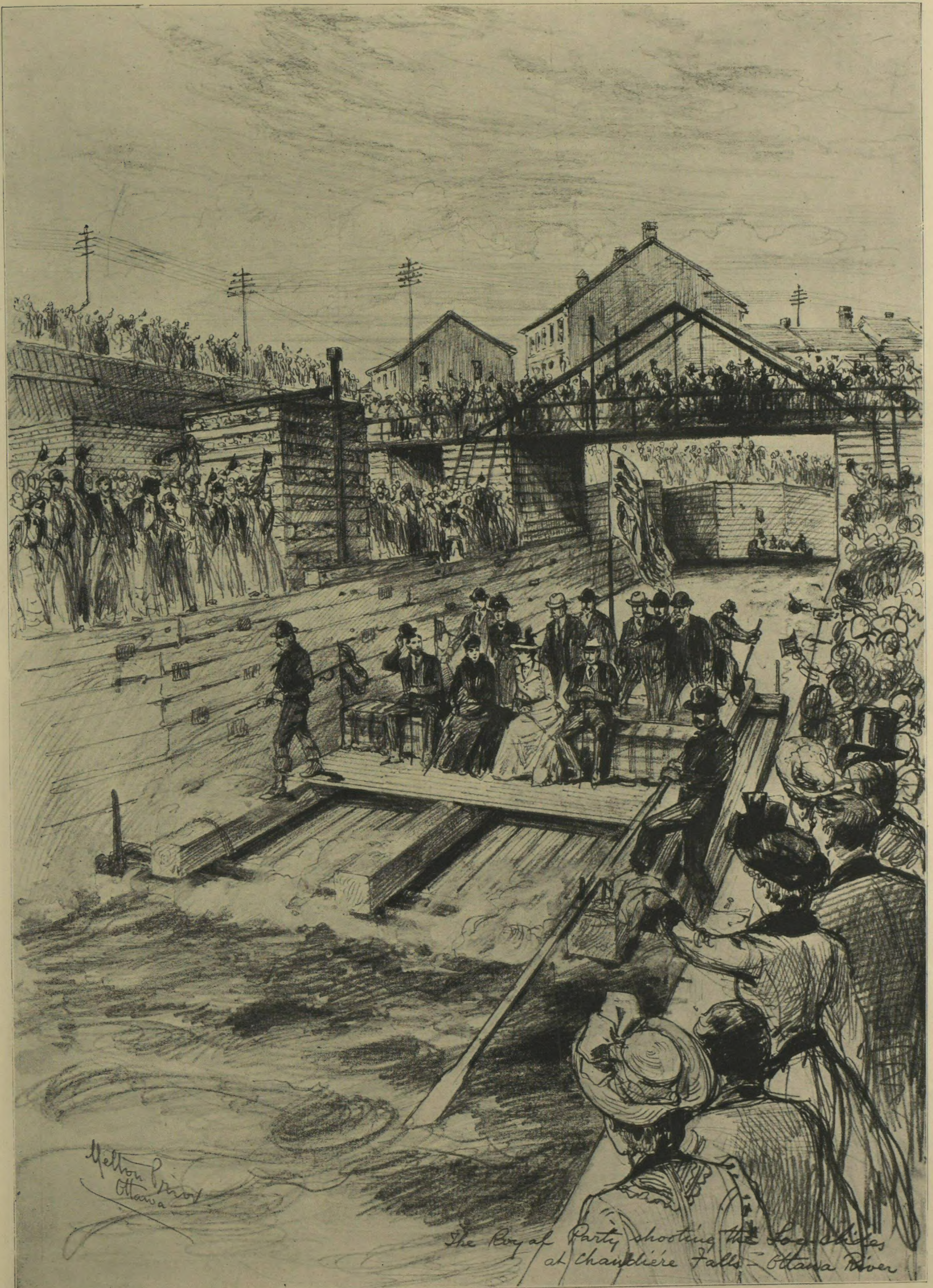
INDIAN CHIEFS WELCOMING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT THE POW-WOW, SHAGANAPPIE, CALGARY.

*In reply to the Chiefs' greetings, the Duke delivered, through an interpreter, a long speech couched in the poetical style of Indian orations. The braves received the speech with deep "hohs" of satisfaction.*



THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT OTTAWA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



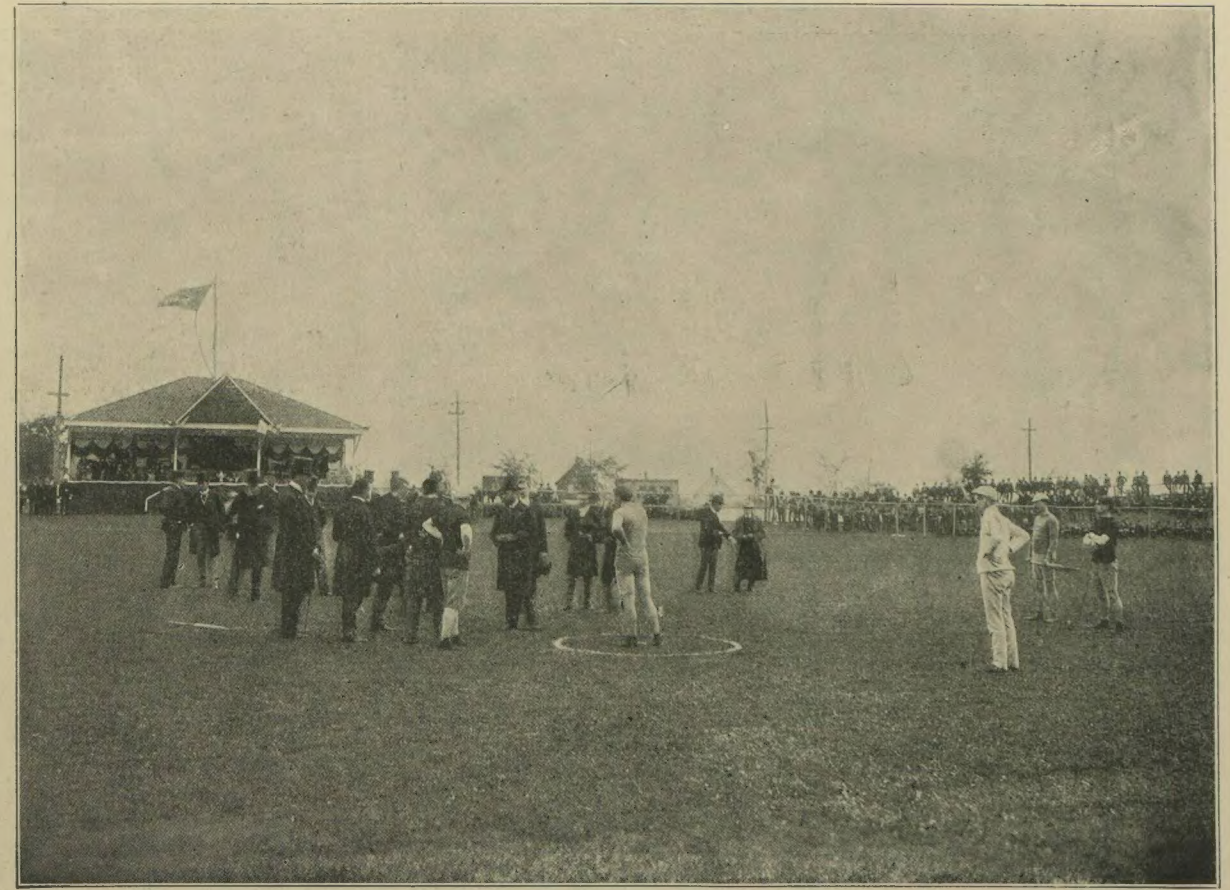


# THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT OTTAWA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.



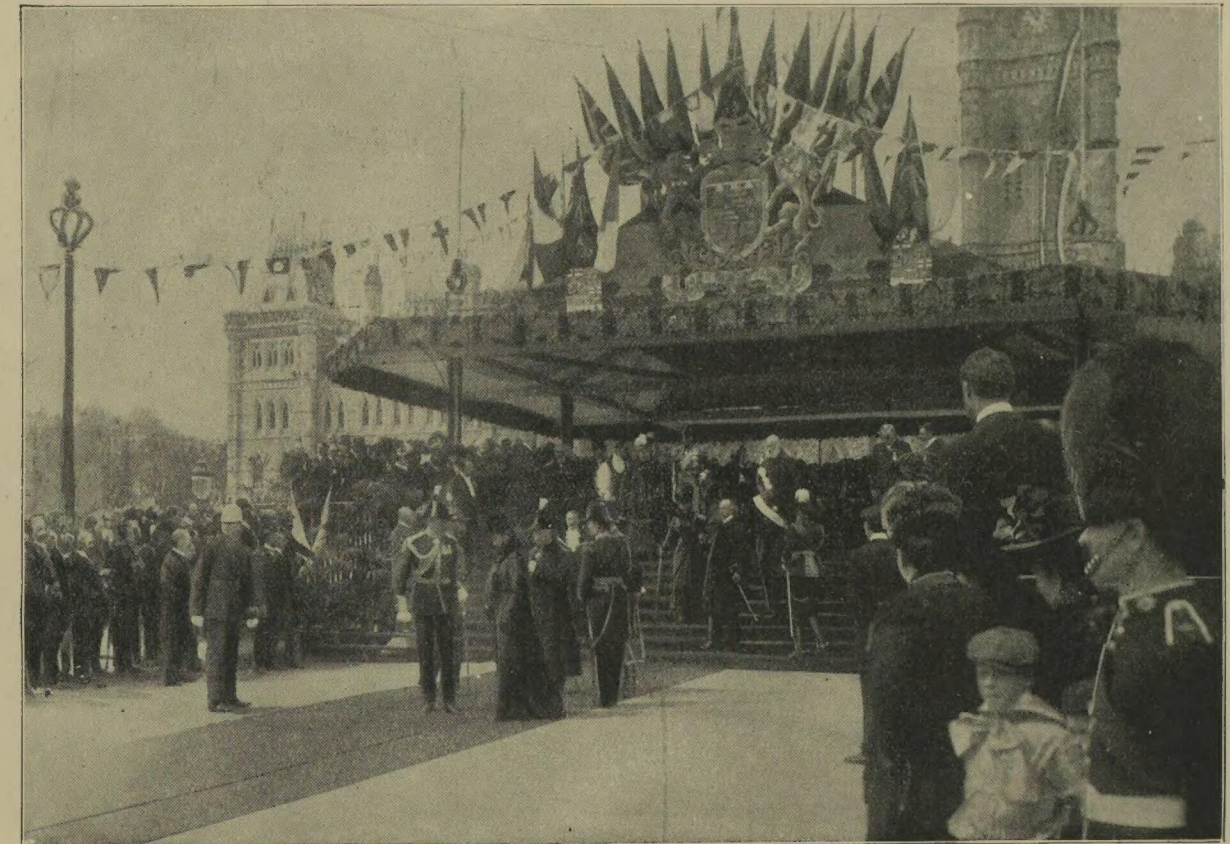
THE SCENE AFTER THE UNVEILING OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATUE: THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE PRESENTATION OF WAR MEDALS.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL STARTING A LACROSSE MATCH: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS "FACING" THE BALL.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS'S VISIT TO THE LUMBER-MEN: SHANTY BUILT FOR THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES TO LUNCH IN.



THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING PARLIAMENT HOUSE GROUNDS AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.



THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT OTTAWA.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 19, 1901. 569

THE ROYAL PARTY WATCHING THE RACE FOR THE INDIAN WAR-CANOE CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA AT ROCKCLIFFE, ON THE OTTAWA RIVER, SEPTEMBER 23.



THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT CALGARY.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



THE PRESENTATION OF WAR MEDALS BY THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS DECORATING A WOUNDED COLONIAL.





## THE HERRING-FISHERS.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLAN STEWART.

*He saw a battered boat already close alongside.*

SPRING had come at last to the little Northern town. From the date, it ought really to have been early summer; but up there, March and April and the greater part of May are cold, black months—mere appendices to winter. The green shoots are long in showing through the furrowed and the harrowed earth, the clouds cling to the hills, and the wind is “aakward,” as the people say. Now at length the interminable winter was lifting from the town, and long days and light airs had begun to cast their spell. It is a quaint, grey little medley of houses, straggling at every angle along one narrow, corkscrew lane. They term this aperture a street, but it takes a single cart all its time to avoid the gable-ends and loafing townsfolk; and if two were to meet, I have no idea what would happen.

For seven long months the people of this little old-world borough had gathered to gossip in their shops, and occasionally, I suppose, sell each other goods. On nights when it was not too rainy, the young men and the girls had paraded their black wolf's mouth of a street, lit feebly here and there by flickering lamps, the wind whistling through the chimney-cans overhead, the harbour perpetually yielding soft and broken sounds; and then on the morrow the day would break late and stormily, and the same things happen.

They lived in the midst of bare and windy islands, and a sea full of tides, at such a high latitude that there was something of an Arctic contrast between the long nights and brief sunless days of winter and the perpetual daylight which had come. And with the dawning of a continuous day, the herring came too.

Then, like the setting of a new scene on a stage, the town was suddenly transformed into a bustling seaport, the street overflowed with a new population, the harbour with an armada of boats: life and movement and unsavoury smells were everywhere; the gloom of winter was forgotten.

In everything pertaining to the mobile, mysterious continent of the sea there are hints of a thousand romances, and in almost all runs a note of melancholy, an echo of surge upon the beach. Look at the sea and think of it long enough, and your fancy will work you a design in quiet colours. Concerning the little boats that rose out of an empty horizon, conical specks of brown in the far distance, mustering for a season in this out-of-the-world haven, fishing silently through the summer nights in the midst of the lonely Atlantic, and dispersing again into space, the legend's texture is inevitable: it must be fashioned from a ghostly twilight.

From distant coasts these craft were coming, filling the harbour and taking their berths till the tide should let them out again. A steamer had just brought in a great crowd of women and barrels for the curing and packing of the fish, and the whole pulse of the town was beating faster.

Running with the tide through the sound that led from the open sea into the island waters, there came one that was just like the others: black sides, showing white beneath as she heeled to the wind, a brown sail bellying above, a crew of seven on the decks hearing the tide-stream hiss and watching the land glide by. There was nothing to mark her yet.

Fergus McRinnoch, captain and owner of the *Eileen Roy*, sat at the tiller, his light blue eyes glancing up at the swinging sail and then steadily through the sound ahead, his lips shut behind their bush of red beard. In repose he was an impassive, abstracted-looking man of that fair Celtic type, dashed probably with Scandinavian blood, which one often finds among the fishermen of the Hebrides. The eye could flash and the mouth smile pleasantly, but that was generally only on shore, and then after he had had occasion first to draw his sleeve across those hairy lips.

They had all been silent for a time, when a grizzled man beside him said in the soft Gaelic tongue—

“I am wondering if this will make better fishing, Fergus?”

“It cannot make worse.”

“We have never been here before,” said the grizzled man; “none of us.”

“Perhaps it will change our luck.”

A young man had been looking out over the green land for a long time. Suddenly he turned and showed a face that struck the imagination at once; it was hard to say quite how. It was very dark, black-eyed, black-haired, black-bearded, curiously refined and yet curiously barbaric; like the face of an aristocrat of a savage race. At one moment you would say it was profoundly melancholy, at another restlessly animal. He spoke eagerly, and yet it seemed with a note of frightened reluctance; as though the thought was imperious, and yet as if he felt ashamed of it.

“It will not change the luck,” he said. “We shall catch nothing here.”

Fergus looked at him and his eye was a little uneasy. The grizzled fisherman replied—

“You have said that before, Roderick Moil—three times. Have you dreamt?”

“Yes,” replied the dark man, after a moment's hesitation. “I have dreamt.”

“And what then did you dream?”

“There shall be no luck here.”

“But what was the dream? Was it a ghost that spoke? Or was it the second sight?”

The dark face became for an instant the face of a savage.

“What does it matter to you?” he cried. “I say that there will be no fishing here! That is enough for you, John McLeod!”

The other men looked at one another, and it seemed as if Fergus would speak, but Roderick Moil had turned away again, and he held his peace.

“He is a devil!” muttered old John, and the men who heard him nodded.

The *Eileen Roy* stole gently through the narrow entrance into the camp of the boats. There they lay crowded below the town, a host already of some three hundred strong, their bare poles like a forest of pine-stems, the air above them clamorous with gulls. A few larger craft were moored further out; over one the white ensign of a gun-boat, just stirred by the night breeze.

“It will be a great fishing,” said John. “Why should we not have our share of the luck?”

Then the men began to let down the sail.

“That will be where the women live,” said Fergus, nodding towards a settlement of wooden buildings where they could spy shawled figures moving.

“Who is it, Roderick, that you see?” asked another.

The dark man was standing idle, staring at the shore. At the question he started violently and fell to work again without a word.

“He was looking for a lass,” said one of the men.

“In the days when I used to look for a lass,” replied John McLeod, “I did not stare as though I was afraid of seeing a spirit.”

On either side of the boat there were now a hundred or more like her; on shore stood the old town of stone, on the waters floated this other whose pavements were planks and whose burghers bustled in the midst of nets and spars and strings of bladders; a bearded race, silent about their work, simple and rough.

Out of their nearest neighbour's hatch rose one of these citizens of the sea: a burly, venerable figure, seasoned by a long life of wind.

“’Tis Ramsay!” cried Fergus.

“Weel, Fairgus,” said this ancient skipper, “I kent yer boat. I’m glad tae see ye. Hoo are ye keeping?”



He spoke with a strong east coast accent, and the voice of one who has to cry through gales.

"I have been well enough whatever, but the fushing it has been bad. It will be a sad winter for me."

"Hoots, man, the season's early yet," said Ramsay cheerfully.

"But the luck is against me whatever. There has been nane since we sailed from the Long Island."

"Whatna crew have ye—the same lads as afore?"

Fergus looked round on his crew and lowered his voice.

"That man is new," he answered, nodding his red head towards Roderick Moil.

"Yon black man?"

"Aye."

The old fisherman looked hard at the dark man.

"Whaur cam ye by him?"

"In the Long Island. I was short, and I took him. We nane of us ken more of him whatever."

Ramsay gazed keenly and long before he spoke again, and his words had the mystery of the lore of the sea.

"It's a queer thing. I'm no ane as generally taks fancies in ma heid, but I tell ye, Fairgus, yon's no a wise-like man. He looks unlucky somehow. But mind, I'm no for setting ye against the lad; I ken naething aboot him."

He turned away as if to go about his business, and then stopped and said—

"I mind there was a man that used to say, 'It's no what auld Ramsay *kens*; it's what he sees.'"

He went and left Fergus pondering.

After supper there was a bustle to go ashore, for the firm ground is tempting to legs long cramped upon a shifting deck. All were eager as boys—all but Roderick Moil.

"You will not come ashore?" said Fergus.

"I shall be watchman here."

"There is no need of a watchman."

"I do not wish to come."

"Leave him," muttered old John.

And so the others all went off, and the dark man was left alone on the deck of the boat.

From the town came the sound of voices, rising and falling, clear and penetrating over the water in the stillness of the summer night. Suddenly a chorus, high, almost shrill, but sweet and tuneful in the distance, rose pleasantly a long way off. The words were those of an old Gaelic song, and the voices the voices of women.

The watcher started and listened, and his eyes grew bright. The chorus called up such a flood of things that his lips moved and smiled, and his heart was light again. When at last it died away the light passed from the dark man's face; his head sank, and his eyes fell upon the deck, and the thoughts shrank from looking out through the night. The men came back very late, and found him still there, sitting cross-legged on the deck, staring down between his knees. The words of the old skipper came into Fergus's head.

"He is not wiselike," he repeated to himself.

The others all stumbled sleepily below, two or three singing as they went; but Roderick Moil never moved.

"He is in a trance," whispered one.

"Let him be," replied old John; "he dreams, and perhaps he will tell us something when he wakes. It is better not to meddle with folk that talk to spirits."

He sat like that through the few transparent hours of night. He saw the clear hills and the town, and the pale blue sky gently and gradually illuminated. It was early, very early, when at last he stirred and turned his head, and behold! the little pearl clouds in the north-east sky were all turned to gold and crimson.

The sun rose over a silent world. Nothing else moved; the hour was really too early for a sun to be abroad. It was hardly three o'clock, and the dew on the rigging was sparkling already. About two hours later a very sleepy head rose from the hatch, and the blue eyes of Fergus blinked round on the litter of ropes and nets and the floats strung like lines of great black footballs. Then they fell upon the solitary figure.

"Have you been out here all night, lad?" he asked.

Roderick sprang to his feet. For a moment he seemed confused. Then he answered shortly, "I fell asleep here."

"Well," said the skipper, "the ebb-tide is running now; it is time we were off."

Other sleepy figures were emerging from the hatches of other craft, the smoke of breakfasts cooking began to rise from slender iron chimneys, the gulls in hundreds cruised over the fleet. One very early boat was already breaking from the line; six straining figures pulled rhythmically on the halyards; with little jerks the brown sail began to climb the mast; she was off to the war with the herring.

At the falling-in of evening the nets were cast, and all through the transparent twilight of the night the silent warfare was waged down in the quiet depths. No omen came to mark the *Eileen Roy*; she swung upon the Atlantic like the rest, and her nets reached as far down into the fathoms. There was nothing a man could see that should keep the shining, finny people away; yet from the first they must have known. Why should the boats near by never catch a fish, and, when they moved away, fill their nets? And the hold of the *Eileen Roy* was always empty. She passed like a blight through the fleet—where she came there was never a herring to be seen.

Day after day her crew used to stay out and fish through the summer night; they saw the sun rise out of the islands and felt the morning breeze awake—and still their nets were empty. Through all the fleet she was a marked boat; the fishermen looked at her askance, and it was even whispered that the gulls had learned to avoid her. On board of her there was no more cheerfulness: only despondency and fear. And at last the fear began to mutter words and look about it restlessly. The men were seeking for a cause, just as in that ancient vessel they reasoned from the storms to Jonah.

On a Saturday evening when they were racing in with the tide, the hold empty, the men silent, old John came up to Fergus.

"It is that man," he said cautiously.

"Roderick Moil?"

"Yes, it is him. He is uncanny."

"He does no harm," the skipper answered after a pause. "He works hard. Why should we think so?"

"He dreams; he talks in his sleep of dark things, terrible things. We have all heard him. He has done something, and God is angry with him. And his look is uncanny, Fergus."

"There must be some reason," said Fergus, half to himself.

That night Roderick Moil was left alone again. He had never landed yet, and the desire for something on the earth was tearing at his breast. He sat alone on the deck looking at the dusky houses of the little town, and the quiet hillside and clear sky beyond. Voices came to him, talking and singing cheerfully; from the gun-boat he could hear faint strains of music across the water, and his heart grew so full of longing that he could rest no longer. Like one snatching at resolution, he sprang up, stepped over to the next boat, and thence from boat to boat he made his way to a small stone pier. He clambered up and stood again irresolute, but there was no one in sight, and the solitude seemed to give him courage. Looking from side to side as if he feared to meet enemies, he walked warily up a slit of an alley into the single street of the town.

At length the street became a road running on the top of a bank close above the harbour, with a few scattered houses on the landward side.

The road sank to the level of the sea, and ended at last in a wide quay covered with row upon row of barrels. It was the curing-station, and beside it he saw the rough village of wood where the women lodged. Two of them stood talking at the gate of a yard where he must pass. He made his longest pause there, but at last went by, glancing at them quickly under the peak of his cap. Now he was on the quay among the barrels, and there he stood with his cap still pulled down over his face, and his head a little bent forward, staring through the wooden buildings as he had stared through the town in his vigils on the boat.

A footstep crunched upon the gravel behind him, a woman's footstep. She was young, dark-eyed, and only a little time ago had been pretty. Now she had a face that had forgotten how to hope, outlined severely by a dark shawl.

A great trembling shook the dark man; he had found what he had come to seek.

"Mary," he said, speaking in the Gaelic.

She looked as though she were going to fall, and then in an instant she had recovered and made a quick step toward him. "Roderick Moil!" she cried in wonder, almost in fear, and suddenly with a beautiful transformation of face. "Where is Duncan?" He made no answer, but his look was enough. The light passed out of her face; she sank down upon the end of a wooden crate and hid it in her hands.

"Duncan, my Duncan!" she wailed. "My husband, my beloved! I owned thee but for four months, and now it is over! Nevermore, nevermore, my Duncan!"

The dark man came close to her side and diffidently put out one hand. It touched her shoulder, and he said again—

"Mary."

There was something in the tone of his voice that roused her.

She composed herself a little and said—

"Roderick, tell me about—about what happened."

Roderick answered slowly, pausing between the words—

"A squall arose suddenly—we capsized—I clung to the boat—he—he could not reach it."

"And where did you go? Why did you not come to tell me?"

"I—I dared not; Mary," he answered.

"And you did not save him?"

"I cannot swim."

"Roderick! Did you try to save him?"

"I—I," he began, and then his eyes fell, and he stopped. She never took hers off him, but she seemed to shrink back and grow smaller; and with a quick movement she threw her shawl half across her face.

Suddenly he broke out hotly, his dark face wholly animal—

"He is dead! Take me now, Mary! Am I not as good a man as Duncan? It was through love of you, Mary! but afterwards I dared not seek you. I knew you would be here, and I wished them not to come. I said there should be no fishing, and there is none. Take me! Take me! God has cursed me! No fish will come to our nets! I dream—I talk in my sleep! They will find out. To-night I was drawn to you. Take me instead of him, Mary!"

He was upon her; he had seized her arms before she moved or said a word. Suddenly she was free, and he felt a blow on the face that half stupefied him.

"You let him drown!" she shrieked. "You killed him! Coward! Murderer! Everyone shall know!"

But Roderick Moil waited to hear no more. The two women at the gate of the yard wondered to see a man run past as though he were closely hunted; the people on the road stopped and stared; in the town they made way for him or swore as he jostled past. And in the still evening the sobs and cries of a woman could be heard from the vessels in the harbour.

The crew of the *Eileen Roy* slept late on Sunday morning. After breakfast, Fergus, who had been more than usually silent, spoke suddenly.

"To-night we shall go to church," he said. "We have not been at church for many Sabbaths. Perhaps our luck may change then."

The sky was cloudy and wet-looking all day, and over the hill behind the town the wind rose stormily from the west. By evening a driving Scotch mist had blotted out the farther lands: the wet decks gleamed and the moisture ran down the rigging.

The men were putting on their best clothes, when suddenly their captain cried—

"Will you not dress yourself becomingly to go to the church, Roderick?"

"I shall not go," answered Roderick.

The blue eyes of Fergus lit up, and it was not his soft, everyday voice that said—

"You *shall* go, Roderick Moil! I'll stand nae nonsense about this, you shall go to church! Do you think I

shall let you spoil my fishing longer? I have had enough of your talking and crying at nights. If you have anything on your mind you can pray to-night, and maybe it shall be removed. But if you do not go with us you leave this boat, and I can tell you none other will take you, Roderick Moil!"

Roderick went below like a beaten dog, with what turmoil in his heart God knows. He was ready with the others when the hour of church arrived, and they all went ashore together.

As this was Scotland, the bells of five churches were ringing through the tiny town. The air above was full of fine rain, driving in a dense cloud from the hills across to the harbour; between the houses it hung uncertainly and swept abruptly this way and that in the cross draughts and eddies of wind; down below, the narrow street was full of people clad in black, hurrying silently towards some one of the five clanging bells. It was as sombre a Sabbath evening as the most orthodox could desire; no sound but the five harsh tongues, the footsteps of worshippers, and a mournful little whistle of wind; no colours but grey houses, grey rain, and black people. The crew of the *Eileen Roy* followed one stream of church-goers into a square, grim, white-washed building, where they crowded together into a narrow-seated, steep-backed pew, and looked round on walls quite unadorned and great bare windows filled with a prospect of moving rain till they were clouded by moisture from within. A spare, grey-bearded man with a strong Scotch accent mounted the pulpit and gave out a psalm. It was in a tongue strange to some of them, the ancient race, who only spoke the Gaelic; but they were dwellers on the sea and simple-hearted, and throughout that service in the alien speech they bore themselves as those who risk too much to be other than devout: all but one man, and him old John could see from the corner of his eye shifting and sweating in his seat. They trooped out again into a shadowland of misty rain. The wind seemed to be freshening, and as they drifted with the crowd John said to his captain—

"It will not make fishing to-morrow, I am thinking, Fergus."

"We will fish," replied Fergus simply; "the minister told us to."

"And did he, Fergus?" asked John cautiously. "I am thinking I shall not have heard those words."

"He told us of the great fishing our good Lord gave to the Apostle Peter, and he said, 'Cast thy nets to-morrow.'"

"He did not say to-morrow, Fergus?"

"John McLeod, I am telling you he did! I shall fish to-morrow if the wind shall blow a gale! I do not go to church so seldom, and then not take the minister's counsel."

John knew from experience that it was useless to argue with Fergus when he once was in this fatalistic mood. He shrugged his shoulders, and made no answer.

They had come to the pier before they missed Roderick Moil.

"Where can he be?" said Fergus.

"Let him go if he will," urged old John. "If we must sail to-morrow he is well out of the boat."

But they found him on board before them. He thought he spied one woman's face in the crowd and never paused to look again. Early in the morning old Ramsay put his head out of the hatchway of his boat. He felt the rain pelting upon his head, and the wind beating in strong gusts across the deck.

"There'll be no fushing the day," he said to himself, and then he rubbed his eyes in wonder, for there was the *Eileen Roy* already under way; her crew in their oilskins straining on the halyards, the white of her bottom showing in a broad patch as she heeled to the wind. Through the harbour he watched her fly and quickly pass out of sight into the rough weather.

She was the only boat that sailed that day.

All through the fleet and the town ran the tale of how Fergus M'Rinnoch the Unlucky had gone out to fish.

"It will be his last fishing," said one.

"Nae mair ill luck for him in this world," remarked another dryly.

"The man's aff his heid," said another.

Some of the Gaelic speakers whispered strange tales in their soft tongue of witchcraft and dark, mischancy men, and by all it was agreed that the story of Fergus had ended under many green fathoms.

The summer night drew in, pale and wet and stormy still. The lights were out and the town quiet very early. Only overhead was something awake, booming and crying continually, and sometimes passing with the features of high pillars of rain.

It was very early in the morning—on a morning he remembered well for long—that old Ramsay was awakened by a faint hail from somewhere without his boat.

"Gweedsake!" said he to himself; "if he wasna weel drowned, I'd swear that was Fairgus's voice."

He was on the ladder in a moment, and looking out through a grey, still windy morning, he saw a battered boat and a wind-blown crew already close alongside.

"Fairgus, is that you?" said he.

"It is me whatever," replied a voice from the shade of a dripping sou'-wester.

"Weel, my man, I'm reel pleased to see ye safe, but ye're luckier than ye deserved. Whatna fushing had ye?" (This last with a most sardonic grin.)

"Nae fush whatever," said Fergus. He paused and then added quietly, "But we have lost a man."

"Eh! What man?"

"The black man."

The *Eileen Roy* stole gently into her place, Ramsay staring at her silently all the while. At last he asked—

"Hoo did it hauppen?"

"He fell overboard."

"Ye could dae naething?"

Fergus said nothing, but looked at old John.

"It was intended, I am thinking," said John. "Why should we prevent it? Now we may have lucky fushing."

This is a tale of the great waters where strange things may happen, and the fisherfolk say that the finny people came back to the nets till the luck of the *Eileen Roy* became a byword.

THE END.





THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: DRIVING CATTLE ACROSS A DRIFT TO HARDEN THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER FOR ARTILLERY.



THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM: SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: HOSPITAL TRAIN "No. 3 H," AT CHARLESTOWN, NEAR VOLKSRUST.



*Photo. Banks, Manchester.*

LORD ROBERTS AT MANCHESTER, OCTOBER 9: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF INSPECTING VETERANS OF THE CRIMEA AND THE INDIAN MUTINY.



*Photo. Banks.*

LORD ROBERTS AT MANCHESTER, OCTOBER 10: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF UNVEILING THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA BY ONSLOW FORD, R.A.





THE "COBRA" INQUIRY: SCENES AT THE COURT-MARTIAL ON BOARD THE "VICTORY" AT PORTSMOUTH.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

Sir Howard Vincent. General Buller.



Ensl. Argent Archer.

SIR REDVERS BULLER'S REPLY TO HIS CRITICS: THE GENERAL AND SIR HOWARD VINCENT AT THE LUNCHEON TO QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER RIFLE VOLUNTEERS, OCTOBER 10.



INCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE PALACE OF THE SHEIKH OF KOWEIT.



THE FORESHORE OF KOWEIT HARBOUR, FROM THE PALACE.

THE TROUBLE IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

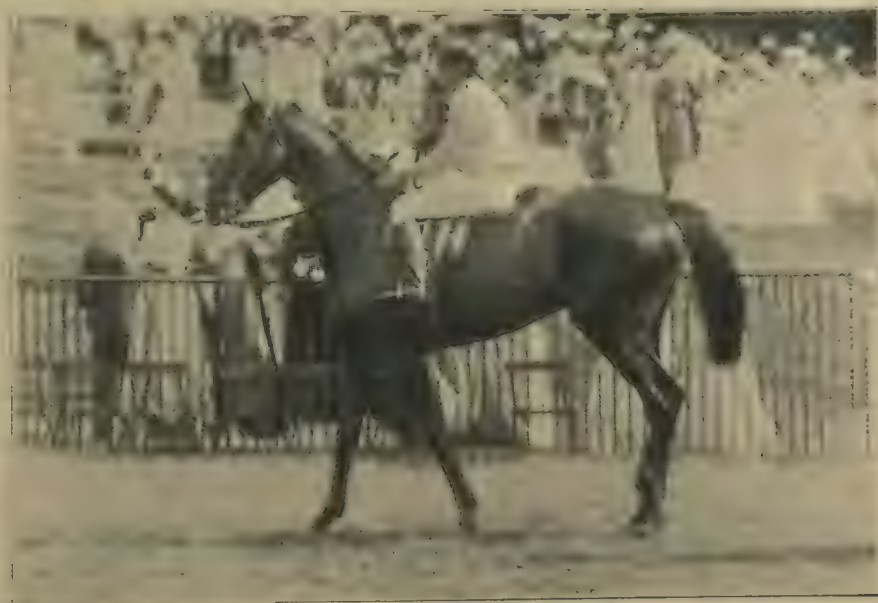


*Photo. Pathé, Leeds.*

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL: A CONCERT IN THE TOWN HALL.



THE AUTUMN HANDICAP MEETING OF THE ROYAL TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY.



THE WINNER OF THE KEMPTON PARK STAKES, OCTOBER 11:  
MR. T. KINCAID'S EPSOM LAD (GOMEZ UP).



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Tristram of Blent.* By Anthony Hope. (London: John Murray. 6s.)  
*The Luck of the Vails.* By E. F. Benson. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)  
*From the Land of the Shamrock.* By Jane Barlow. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*Glories of Spain.* By Charles W. Wood. (London: Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)  
*Santa Claus's Partner.* By Thomas Nelson Page. (London: Grant Richards. 5s.)  
*The Skipper of Barneraig.* By Gabriel Setoun. (London: Constable. 6s.)  
*The Romance of Religion.* By Olive and Herbert Vivian. (London: Pearson. 6s.)  
*The Military Maxims of Napoleon.* Translated by Lieutenant-General Sir G. C. d'Aguilar. With an Introduction by the Author of "An Absent-Minded War." (London: Freemantle. 2s. 6d.)

A distinct line of cleavage may be drawn through Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, "Tristram of Blent," in the region of the eighteenth chapter. On one side of that line the work is undeniably tedious, on the other it moves vigorously to the close. The story turns upon the somewhat intricate circumstances attending the birth of Harry Tristram, "Tristram of Blent," and the author makes ingenious use of the Russian Calendar, a device that, for a wonder, has not been more frequently employed by novelists where it was necessary to cast suspicion upon the birth of an heir. Harry Tristram's title to his estates is more than doubtful. His mother and he, indeed, are sure that his claim will not stand legal investigation. Still, no one, they are persuaded, has a better right to Blent; and in his passionate determination to keep what he holds, Harry attains almost prematurely the gravity of manhood. The secret, of course, is discovered, and the usual use is made of it by unscrupulous persons. All this part of the book might very well have been dispensed with; for Tristram, after getting the better of his enemy, suddenly, from the most ancient of motives, relinquishes his title and all his possessions in favour of his cousin, Cecily Gainsborough, who is the rightful Lady Tristram of Blent. He goes into business, proves himself a very "sharp" man indeed, and gets his foot on the first rung of the political ladder. He makes powerful friends, but all that they would do for him is done in effect by the discovery of unsuspected evidence regarding the date of his birth. Harry and Cecily, after giving certain notable examples of the family eccentricity, called by Mr. Hope "the Tristram way," and sure to be described by American readers as "cussedness," yield to the obvious, and ensure the line of Tristram of Blent. The book is scarcely worthy of the writer. It has all the dry, irritating atmosphere of "Quisante," and little of the charm of "The King's Mirror." But it contains some marvellously adroit workmanship.

It is fortunate for some novelists that novel-readers have no memory. One would imagine that Lefanu's "Uncle Silas" was a fairly well-known book, but Mr. Benson cheerfully annexes the main features of its plot for "The Luck of the Vails," and succeeds in making them ridiculous. He also imports a flavour of Miss Cholmondeley's "Diana Tempest." He then accuses his brother, Mr. Arthur Benson, a blameless poet, of having supplied him with the plot, as who should say, "Je prends mon bien où mon frère le trouve." The "Luck" of the Vail family is a goblet marvellously incrustated with jewels, supposed to be of magic efficacy. Desire to possess this prompts old Mr. Francis Vail to compass the death of his great-nephew, young Lord Vail, by many clumsy devices. "When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime" he plays upon the flute, and the suggested contrast between music and murder is, we may say, singularly ineffective. The great-uncle as expectant heir is—except in Mohammedan law—a novel idea, but not very convincing. The book is peopled with numerous Bensonish persons of rank, and is written in a slipshod way. Lord Vail begins as a gloomy youth of some individuality, but very soon degenerates into a replica of "the Babe B.A." And Mr. Benson is in this book so absurd when he writes seriously, and so tedious when he writes humorously, that we hope his brother will lend him no more plots.

In "From the Land of the Shamrock" Miss Jane Barlow writes with her accustomed felicity, and displays afresh her intimate acquaintance with the life of the Irish peasant-folk. A collection of short stories is almost necessarily unequal, and perhaps "A Wedding Gown," with its fortuitous ending, is the least to be commended. In "Dinny and the Dans," as in "A Christmas Dole," we have that strange blending of tragedy and comedy flourishing side by side—laughter and tears springing from one fountain—which is so characteristic of the mercurial Irish temperament. Such is Miss Barlow's skill that there is nothing incongruous in her pictures. "The Counsel of Widdy Coyle" is pervaded with an irresistible spirit of fun, and "Cocky's Conscience," the story of a very naughty small boy, is almost equally diverting, even though his conscience plays a very minor part. Miss Barlow is happy in her dealings with children, of whom

there are quite a number in this volume, among them the little English Aylmer, who dropped a fir-cone into St. Brigid's Wishing-well, with a request for "goggolates"—a demand which the Saint gratified, "glory be to goodness." There are idylls and idylls, as everyone knows, and among the creators of the best of these, Miss Barlow maintains her deservedly high place. She does not make that perpetual appeal to the emotions which is the leading characteristic of the work of some famous writers; her sense of fun is spontaneous and unforced, and she does not allow her passion for verisimilitude to carry her away. Her pleasant pages should beguile many a weary half-hour.

Mr. Wood has travelled through the best parts of Spain, and his latest volume records a journey that embraced Gerona, Barcelona, Montserrat, Lerida, Zaragoza, Tarragona, and Valencia. It would not be easy for an educated traveller with some knowledge of French and Spanish to take a journey at his leisure through the district indicated without finding matter for interesting notes and charming pictures; and Mr. Wood, by previous travel in Spain and a deep interest in the country, has added to his chances of making a good book. He presents the reader with a handsome volume, in the preparation of which a few errors have been allowed to find room; but it is impossible to say that the book is worthy its subject. Mr. Wood travels with a companion, and chaffs him mildly in every chapter, forgetting that the reader does not know the gentleman, who has no proper place in the scheme. In style Mr. Wood passes rapidly from one extreme to another—now indulging in sentimental fancies that are not far removed from the commonplace, now returning abruptly to discursive narrative. He does not appear to possess a gift of independent vision: one is forced to conclude that he has made up his mind

all remembrance of the day, Christmas Eve, and with that all kindness towards the cheery bustle in the streets, that jostles both himself and his temper as he hurries home to find that he is alone in a large house and the world. He knows he is not as other men are, that he has attained his ambition in no questionable manner, and he reflects bitterly that the long conscientious years should have brought him no satisfaction and no friends. He reviews past Christmas Days, from the time when he was an impatient schoolboy to the festival that is to dawn to-morrow. Never before had he been alone. But we have heard of such things before, and we feel certain that the author has some meaning in emphasising this loneliness. Sure enough, the stroke of midnight brings Livingstone and his little partner, Kitty Clark, in the orthodox sleigh brimming with toys to the door of the Children's Hospital. Christmas Day follows with a wonderful Christmas-tree, and an unexpected meeting that completes Berryman's sum of happiness.

Mr. Gabriel Setoun remains faithful to Barneraig, the little Scottish village on the Firth, which has been the scene of several of his stories. The Skipper of Barneraig (who gives his latest book its title) is Laurence Russell, who lived in the White House, like his fathers before him, and, also like them, kept a lamp burning till morning in its gable-window, which, in consequence, was known to the village and to the mariners in the Firth as the "Skipper's Ee." He was a good sailor himself, proud of the line of good sailors from which he was sprung, and unfortunate in the son who was to carry on the tradition. That is the tragedy of his story. This son, another Laurence, was born on the famous Windy Wednesday, and the same day his mother died. He grew up with an instinctive terror and hatred of the sea, but with a very notable gift of music—an unhappy conjunction. For in the mind of the Skipper, the sea was the family calling, while the fiddle was more or less an emblem of the ne'er-do-well. To sea, therefore, young Laurence—or "Lubby" as the natives call him—is compelled to go, leaving his fiddle behind him, with direful results which need not be disclosed here.

The term "romance" has often been abused, but it is a little startling to find a collection of scrappy newspaper articles on various phases of Christian and Mohammedan worship, which strike the English observer as odd, dignified by such a title as "The Romance of Religion." Mr. Herbert Vivian and his sister have been to a good many out-of-the-way shrines and religious establishments, and have "conceived the unholy idea" (as Mr. Vivian says of Gibbon) of parading for the gratification of vulgar curiosity the various peculiarities which they have observed. They leave Oberammergau alone, but they batten on various ceremonies performed by the Roman Catholic Church in Spain. Their descriptions, while avoiding controversy, are marked by that air of superiority which endears us as a nation to the benighted people of the

Continent. They have a considerable knack of description, and some parts of the book were, no doubt, worthy of inclusion in a magazine of romantic travel. But when twenty-four scraps of cheerful flippancy are flung at the reader in a volume, the thing becomes wearisome. "What's the odds so long as you're happy?" says Mr. Vivian; or, to quote his exact words, "The supreme test of any religion is the amount of happiness which it confers upon its believers." But Mr. Vivian is not thorough in this dogma, or he would have felt bound to advocate explicitly that creed of Egoism which evidently affords himself so much gratification. A very silly preface attempts to draw a permanent distinction between "the spiritual"—defined in words which mean nothing if not "the sensuous"—and "the material," or Puritan. Howling Dervishes seem, under this classification, to rank among the spiritual. After all, one prefers Mr. Vivian as a picturesque journalist to Mr. Vivian as a thinker.

"The Military Maxims of Napoleon" have always been regarded as the finest expression of the human mind on the subject of the art of war. "So long as war endures upon this earth," says Captain Cairnes in his Introduction, "so long will the maxims of the First Napoleon, that unrivalled master, be regarded as precepts to be followed with care and rarely to be neglected with impunity." The present issue of the "Maxims" is singularly opportune. It is shown in the Introduction that every success we have gained in South Africa has been gained in accordance with the principles which the Emperor laid down; and that, on the other hand, every one of our failures has been due to the fact that we acted in direct contravention to his rules. The hundred and fifty pages of notes, appended by the translator, are full of examples drawn from military history of the truth of Napoleon's observations. This is a book indispensable to the expert, and full of interest to the general reader.




WINE-PRESSERS AT LERIDA

Reproduced from "Glories of Spain," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

about what he wants to see, and sees it whether it is there or not. The result is not altogether unpleasing, but it cannot appeal to the readers who know Spain—not, perhaps, as well as Mr. Wood, but at least in many districts and under varying aspects. "Glories of Spain" as a work of reference is better than a guide-book, but it is considerably heavier. As a personal impression, it is not uninteresting; as a comprehensive critical study of men and cities, it can be but lightly esteemed. We are inclined to believe that the time has passed for regarding Spain and its people as material for sentimental fancies. Spain is a picturesque country, and its people have not lost the sense of colour and love of pageantry that we of a colder clime have been in danger of forgetting. These facts do not justify the publication of books that treat the country as an arena for the display of superlatives and the people as a collection of children. Spaniards are working out their destiny under many disadvantages that entitle them to our respect, and the writer will deserve well of his circle who tries to forget the ruined cathedrals, the headgear and sashes, the bull-ring, the dancing girls, the cock-pit and other interests that arrest the tourist's attention. Twenty books like the one under notice or the same author's "Romance of Spain," which preceded it, will do nothing to make the reader realise that the Spaniard is a man, and not a survival of past time for the leisured tourist to inspect and write impressions about. More discretion in the making of books would have given us the Spaniard for a friend; but Mr. Wood should know that the educated classes of the country he loves so well resent bitterly the books that treat their people and fatherland as an interesting relic that a more civilised Europe has spared for the sake of the days when it takes holiday.

"Santa Claus's Partner" at first gives little promise of justifying its title. To begin with, we are conducted into the office of Berryman Livingstone, a "successful man, a very successful man," who has just found out that he is a millionaire. Seven figures shut out from him





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CHESS.

G BROWNE (Belfast).—Your problem is interesting; but "all the pieces on the board" would bring an avalanche of abuse from our fastidious critics.

R W MACMAHON (Chicago).—The problem you send "as your own composition and a first attempt" is a well-known position by the late J. Pierce. We decline to take further notice of your communications.

F T MacMURDO (Bedford). We will examine your problem if you kindly send it on a diagram. We have wasted too much time over errors in transcription.

ALPHA.—Mr. Thompson's five-mover will be found in Miles's "Chess Gems" Rostrevor was another composer altogether.

J M MOORAT (Folkestone).—Additional problem received, with thanks, and it shall be examined with the others. In No. 2988, in your proposed solution, when you play 2. Q takes P (h), B interposes; how can 3. Q mate? Not a few correspondents have fallen into this trap.

M SHAHDI ALI KHAN (Rampur).—There was a mistake in No. 2991, which we have already acknowledged. The problems you send are of no use to us, for the reason that public taste will not tolerate either four or five movers. Please send a diagram and a solution with further contributions.

PROBLEMS RECEIVED, with thanks, from J Paul Taylor and H D O' Bernard.

R GORDON F MILLS, AND OTHERS.—See answer to J M Moorat.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2992 received from S Allah Baksh (Karachi); of No. 2996 from J Brydon (Wimbledon), Marco Salem (Bologna), Shadforth, and W Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea); of No. 2997 from Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), Sinclair, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), J D Tucker (Ilkley), D B R (Oban), A G Bagot (Dublin), J W (Campsie), W Isaac, and G Lall (Gringley-on-Hill).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2998 received from Frank Clarke (Bingham), John M Moorat (Folkestone), Shadforth, Reginald Gordon, J Brydon (Wimbledon), F Dalby, J D Tucker (Ilkley), F J S (Hamstead), Alpha, W Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea), Sorrento, H Le Jeune, T Roberts, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), L Desanges, Victor Rush, E J Winter Wood, P W Moore (Brighton), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Martin F, R Worters (Canterbury), and J A S Hanbury (Moseley).

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

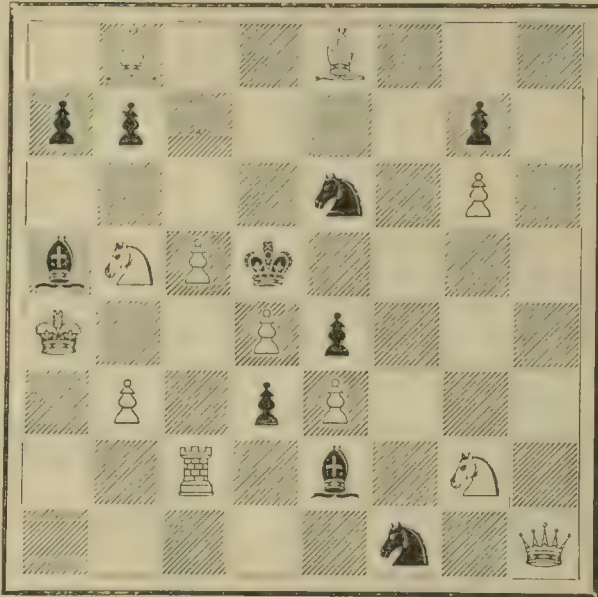
Game played between Messrs. N. KALINSKI and S. LEBEDEV.  
(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	29. B to B 4th (ch)	B to Q 4th
2. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	30. Q to Q B 2nd	
A defence advocated originally by Mr. Tschigorin. P to K 3rd is, however, considered better for Black.			
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 4th	Plot and counterplot to perfection. There is some really beautiful play hereabouts. Black, however, threatens more than White can well provide against, and here the entertaining contest is won and lost.	
The best of several continuations.			
4. P takes Q P	Kt takes P	31. B takes B (ch)	R takes R
5. P to K 3rd	Kt to B 4th	32. Q takes Q	R to B 4th (ch)
6. P to K 4th	Kt to Q 3rd	33. Q takes R	R takes Q (ch)
7. P to K B 4th	P to K B 3rd	34. K to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th
8. P takes P	P takes P	35. R to Q R sq	P to K 6th
9. Q to R 5th (ch)		36. P to Q R 3rd	R to Q B 5th
Development by Kt to B 3rd should have followed. Black now gains a little advantage; but a long and interesting game opens up.			
10. B to Q B 4th	Kt to B 2nd	37. K to Q 3rd	R to B 7th
11. Q to K 2nd	B to Q B 4th	38. R to K R sq	P to Kt 3rd
12. B to K 3rd	B takes B	39. R to K Kt sq	R takes P
13. Q takes B	Kt to Q 3rd	40. K to B 3rd	R to K R 7th
14. B to Q 3rd	Castles	41. K takes P	R takes P (ch)
15. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 5th	42. K to Kt 4th	K to Kt 2nd
16. Q to K 2nd	Q to K sq	43. P to K 4th	K to B 3rd
17. Castles O R	B to Q 2nd	44. K to Kt 5th	P to K R 4th
18. P to K R 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	45. P takes P	R takes P (ch)
19. P to K Kt 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	46. K to R 6th	R to R 2nd
20. Q R to K sq	P to Kt 5th	47. R to B sq (ch)	K to K 4th
21. Q Kt to Kt sq	P to B 3rd	48. R to K sq (ch)	K to B 5th
22. P takes P	B takes P	49. R to B sq (ch)	K to K 6th
23. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Q R to Q sq	50. R to K sq (ch)	K to Q 5th
24. Q to R 2nd	K Kt takes K P	51. R to K 8th	P to K Kt 2nd
It requires not a little examination to prove that this excellent sacrifice is really sound. A most effective one.			
25. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt	52. P to R 5th	P to Kt 4th
26. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt	53. R to Q 8th (ch)	K to B 4th
27. R takes P	Q to B 2nd	54. R to Q 7th	
28. R to K B 5th	Q to Q B 2nd	The last chance. If R takes R there is a stalemate.	
		55. K takes P	R to Kt 3rd (ch)
		56. P to R 6th	P to Kt 5th
		57. R to Q sq	P to Kt 6th
		58. K to Kt 8th	R to Kt 2nd (ch)
			K to B 3rd
			Black wins.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2997.—By JEFF ALLEN.  
WHITE.  
1. Q to K sq  
2. Q or P mates.

BLACK.  
Any move.

PROBLEM No. 3000.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London preached a powerful missionary sermon at St. John's Church, Red Lion Square, last week. The occasion was the valedictory service for those missionaries who were leaving for the Universities' Mission in Central Africa. This work, in Dr. Ingram's opinion, has been since 1859, when Bishop Mackenzie started it, in a special sense the salt of the Church, keeping it sound at heart. The Central African field is difficult and trying. Splendid work has already been done, and impartial local governors have borne testimony to the devoted labours of the Universities' Mission.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple have returned to town, and will remain at Lambeth Palace until the end of this month, when they go to Canterbury for the closing weeks of the year.

The Bishop of North China, in a recent sermon at Hull, remarked that when the smoke and turmoil dies away in China it will be seen that the real ruling cause which had roused the Manchu party to the late outbreak was the pressure of reform upon a corrupt Government. Another bishopric is to be endowed in the very province

where the Boxer outbreak raged, and the Chinese Government has issued a proclamation welcoming back the missionaries and assuring native Christians of the protection of the State.

The vicarage of Plymouth has been offered to Bishop Ingham, Rector of Stoke-next-Guildford, who was for some years Bishop of Sierra Leone. He, however, has declined to leave his present parish, and the trustees have not yet decided on a successor to Archdeacon Wilkinson.

Various amusing incidents enlivened the proceedings of the Church Congress. The Rev. T. A. Lacey, a very serious speaker, was maintaining that each member and each body of the hierarchy of the Church must be subject to a superior authority. Turning to the President, he gravely said: "You, my Lord, are a man in authority, having soldiers under you. You say to one, 'Go,' and —" But before he could finish the sentence the President did it for him by remarking, "He doesn't." The Congress enjoyed the joke immensely, but Mr. Lacey turned upon the Bishop with rather a sharp retort.

The Rev. the Hon. James Adderley is already one of the most conspicuous figures in Marylebone. He was formally instituted to the benefice of St. Mark's by the Bishop of Kensington last Wednesday evening; but has been working hard for over a month in the parish. In November he will begin a series of Sunday afternoon meetings for men, when a course of lectures will be given on social subjects. Mr. Adderley himself will deliver a lecture on "Why Social Reformers should be Christians." The Bishop of Zululand, the Rev. J. W. Horsley, and other noted Churchmen have promised to lecture during the winter.

The Rev. R. R. Dolling has been ordered abroad by his doctor for a six weeks' rest. *Goodwill* for October, the little magazine which Mr. Adderley edits, contains an article on Mr. Dolling under the title, "Brother Bob." His rooms at Poplar are hung with the photographs of the sailor lads he trained in Portsmouth, and he could probably tell where most of them now are in the world. Mr. Dolling's first experience of East-End work dates from 1884, when he had a combined church and club in Maidman Street, Burdett Road.

Dr. Stopford Brooke, I am glad to learn, is in good health this autumn, and proposes to give a course of lectures on "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold and Some Contemporary Poets" at University College during November and December. The lectures will be delivered in the Botanical Theatre. Dr. Brooke hopes to give a second course on "The Poetry of Rossetti and William Morris" in February and March.

The Rev. A. G. Mortimer, who has been preaching in London during the summer, and whose letters to the *Church Times* have attracted considerable attention, has returned to Philadelphia. He is one of the most eloquent Anglican preachers in America. V.

# Ages Ago

when infant-feeding was not understood, there were some strange superstitions about infant fretfulness and mal-nutrition. If a child had plenty of food, and yet did not thrive, mothers and ignorant nurses believed it either to be bewitched, or that some wicked fairy had changed the true baby for another. To-day, it is well understood that, where a child is unhealthy, does not grow, or is constantly fretful, the cause is almost invariably some error in its feeding. To properly develop and remain in health, a child must have food containing a certain number of things in proper proportion. Some of these things must be so treated beforehand as to fit them for the feeble, half-developed digestive power of the child. A child is properly fed on

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which contains an abundance of the natural essentials to infant nutrition. It is easily digested and rapidly absorbed.

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July 21, 1898.

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Dear Sirs,—I have sent you by this post a photo of my son Godfrey, aged eight months, who was born at Malta, Nov. 20, 1897. He has been brought up entirely on Mellin's Food, and most people tell me he is a marvel for an infant born in Malta, which is a very trying place for young infants.

Yours faithfully,  
CHARLES G. PARISH.



Ebrington Hill, Ebrington, Campden, Glos.  
Sept. 22, 1900.

Messrs. MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.

Dear Sirs,—My son, Reginald Frank Rainbow, when a fortnight old, was taken very ill indeed. The doctor did not think he would live; we tried several kinds of food, but nothing seemed to suit him. At last I tried Mellin's Food, and now, thanks to your Food, he is a big, fine, healthy boy at the age of fifteen months.

I am, yours truly,  
L. M. RAINBOW.





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to sight and touch.  
**It is Fragrant**  
and delightful to the senses.  
**Above all**  
it is Perfectly Pure.

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**SWAN WHITE SOAP**  
FLOATING  
Because it Floats and is within easy reach.  
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A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.  
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because of its purity and delicacy.  
**Children Like it**  
because it floats and is always in sight  
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for shaving purposes.  
**Everybody Likes it**  
because it does all that it promises.



## LADIES' PAGES.

It appears at first sight rather anomalous that a woman should have been chosen as the physician of a half-barbaric ruler like the late Ameer; though, after due consideration, the explanation is easy. It was because the Mohammedan women could not be attended by a medical man, while the Afghan men felt no objection to consulting a woman; hence the lady doctor was doubly useful. The perfect confidence that the late Ameer gave to his lady physician during her attendance at his Court, and the practical compliment that he paid her by selecting a second lady doctor to go out from England on the retirement of the first, is, nevertheless, very curious when it is contrasted with the low opinions that the Afghan ruler, in common with most men of his Eastern breeding, entertained of women generally. In a very interesting account that the doctor, Miss Lilius Hamilton, M.D., has published of her conversations with the late Abdur Rahman, we are told that "the Ameer seldom admitted the ladies of his harem to his presence, and when he did he took the greatest pains to talk down to their level, treating them more like children than grown-up responsible human beings. . . . He would ask me how I could compare a European woman with an Eastern? He seemed to think their idleness was innate and ineradicable. 'What sign have they ever given that they want to learn or do anything?' he would say. 'Don't they rather despise you for what you do, and pity rather than envy you?' I never," the doctor goes on, "could persuade him that it was a question of education and liberty, and that an Afghan woman under favourable circumstances, might become quite as capable as a European woman."

With regard to herself, Dr. Hamilton says that her position was "inspiring. I can truly say that . . . I forgot I was a woman, and remembered only that I was a doctor, living entirely alone among these Afghans, who treated me more as a man than as a woman, because they did not know how otherwise to treat me." The contrast is very instructive between the English doctor, inspired by being treated like a man—that is, without any affectation or scornful indulgence—and the poor secluded women, pitying their free sister and themselves despised by their lord and master. It has been said that every nation has the laws it deserves. However that may be, surely every race of men has the women that it is enlightened enough to desire or deserve. The men who seclude and despise their women have their due; the Englishmen's permission of freedom and opportunity to their daughters and wives makes active, useful, industrious women with capacity and intelligence. And if our men would call upon Englishwomen to do still more, they would assuredly be able to rise to the yet fuller demand.

One time-honoured occupation of women has never, it seems to me, had an adequate degree



CLOTH GOWN WITH "THREE-DECKER" SKIRT.

of consideration given to it—I mean motherhood. Every testimony of recognition of a nation's or even a world's gratitude to a mother for the son or daughter that she gave to it is worth recording. The mother of Abraham Lincoln has thus laid in the day just received such a token of remembrance. A monument has been placed to commemorate her relation with the "Liberator President." She died while her remarkable son was but a child of ten, so that no great importance can be given to her influence in his training; though, indeed, there is no measuring the result of the very earliest teachings, and more than we wot of may be the growth of the seeds sown in the first years of understanding. The only recollection that Abraham Lincoln had of the war between England and America that took place in his childhood in 1812, when he was but six, is recorded to have been this: he remembered that he caught a little fish, all by himself, and was taking it home with pride and joy to get it cooked, when he met a soldier—a United States soldier, of course—and forthwith gave him the little fish, because "we were taught at home that we must be kind to the soldiers." There is some character in this trifling memory of the little child's sacrifice to reward one engaged on public service.

Mrs. Lincoln, like the mothers of most great men, is recorded to have been somewhat remarkable. She was the daughter of the master carpenter with whom Thomas Lincoln was a journeyman, and she was "of superior intellect." She could read and write, which was a very rare accomplishment in her circle, and even taught her husband to make the letters of his own name. In one of Abraham Lincoln's few scraps of autobiography, he tells how wild was the poverty and isolation in which he was brought up: "if a straggler reported to know Latin happened to sojourn in the neighbourhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education." His own school life, all told, was of but about a year's duration. Is it too distant to ascribe the passion for learning that rose untaught in this boy's mind, and that made him "read all he could lay hands on," going to the town constable's house to read over and over again the statutes of Indiana as ordinary boys would to follow the adventures of "The Three Musketeers," ciphering for hours with chalk on the back of the coal-shovel by firelight, doing a man's work while yet a child, and refusing to sit down to his meals when he came in wearied in order that he might read while he munched a bit of cornbread—is it too much to attribute this disposition to the mother who was one of the few in her rank and her circle who could read and write, and who taught patriotic self-sacrifice to her child at six short years old? Amongst the new books announced is "The Letters" of a remarkably successful mother, Lady Sarah Lennox, "the mother of the Napiers."

I think the hats grow more picturesque and prettier as the season comes on than they have been for years.

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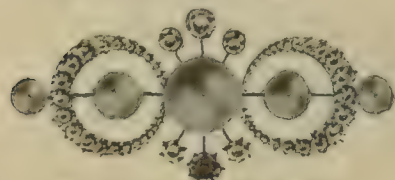


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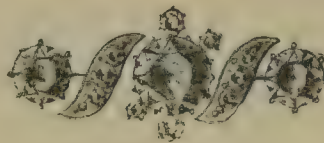
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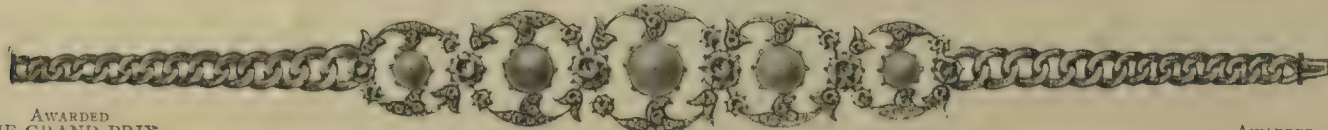
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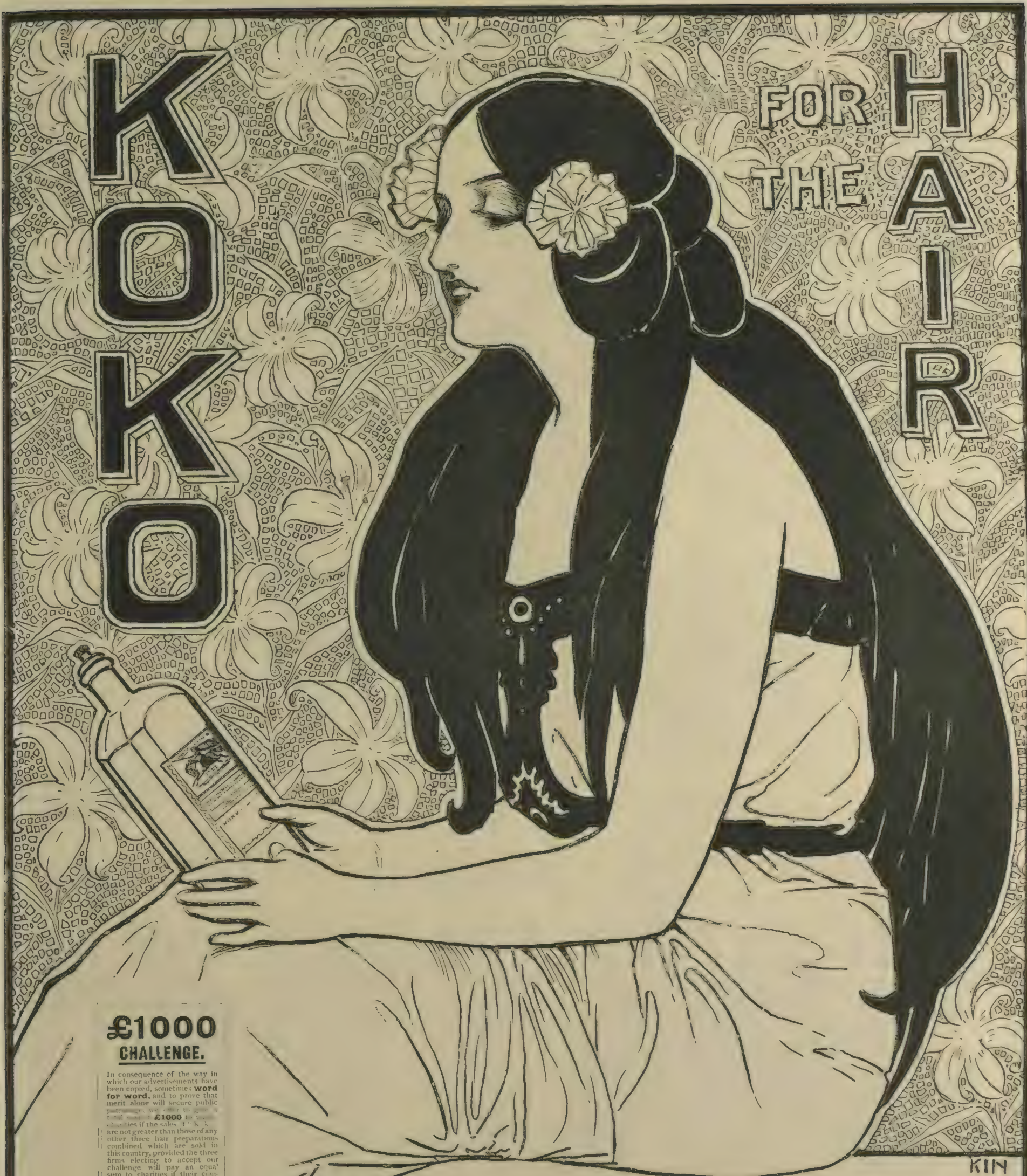
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It strengthens thin or weak hair, and produces thick luxuriant, glossy, brilliant tresses.

It makes harsh, brittle, dry, dull, or faded hair luxuriant and silky.

It arrests falling hair and prevents baldness, and by its invigorating and stimulating action induces renewed growth.

Acting as both a **HAIR FOOD** and a stimulant, it prevents the advance of greyiness, and greatly assists in developing a luxuriant growth.

It is bright and clear, without the suspicion of grease.

It will not soil even the finest lace, and contains no dye or grease.

That Koko is stimulating to the brain can easily be proved. After sprinkling freely with Koko and brushing the head well, look in the glass and observe the intense brilliancy of your eyes.

It positively eradicates dandruff and allays all irritation.

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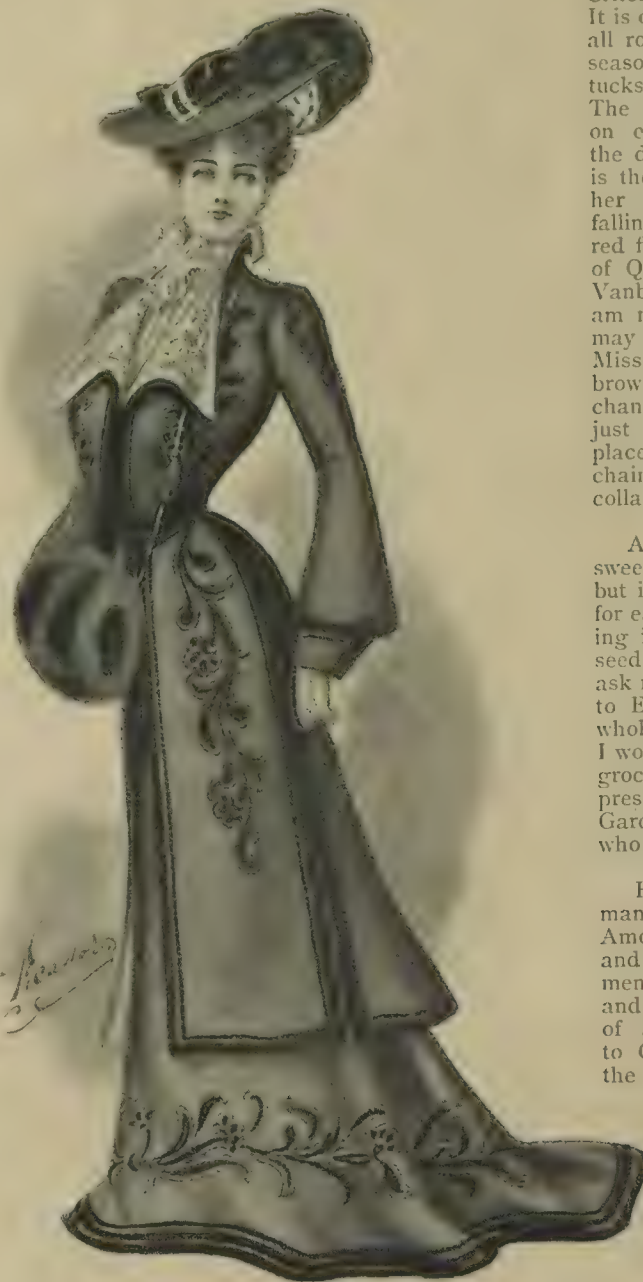
Any preparation that claims unconditionally to cure baldness is a fraud. If the roots are gone, nothing will reproduce the hair. As well might we expect corn to grow in a soil where there is no seed. But if the roots are not dead "KOKO" will undoubtedly reproduce the hair, no matter how long-standing the baldness may have been. Of this we have conclusive proof.



The low shapes are very prettily decorated, ostrich feathers, in defiance of the muggy English autumn weather, being much used. Furs are employed on hats both for shapes and trimmings. As a hat-shape, fur is heavy, but for an admixture of it in trimming I have nothing but praise. Feathers of a nondescript order—probably the dyed plumage of the domestic or game fowls—are employed, too, for shapes, and are lighter, softer, and more effective than furs. Nevertheless, a white broadtail hat, trimmed with a shaded green ostrich plume and a silver buckle, the shape being the popular marquise or tricorne, struck me very favourably. Felt and velvet are mixed; and, again, chenille and braid and beaver cloth are all twisted together into some of the shapes. The on-coming of the low style of hair-dressing is marked by the fashion of the hats; we shall all be doing our hair on the nape of the neck before the Coronation if the tradespeople can get their way, and the hats with ends hanging down behind to surround the sides of the chignon are no less directed to that end than the positive turbans that are shown. The round turban, the "pork-pie," as it was called by our grandmothers in their bloom, is a very becoming shape to some faces, be it understood. Feather and fur pompons are used as trimmings on the useful hats; so are quills and flat made-up bands of feather trimming of the smooth sort that does not easily get out of order with wind or wet. White lace and chiffon of colours to harmonise with the felt or feathers of the shape are used on the picture-hats in the same absurd way that we had it arranged last spring. Such hats are suitable only for driving in a carriage, or for walking in on very fine days; while the more trim felts, adorned with useful spotted panne, or coloured velvet bows or "crumples," and with quills for finish, are best employed for driving in the dogcart or for country walks, or wet weather in town. When the smart picture-hat is kept in its place it is extremely nice; but on an unsuitable day or occasion it is not elegant or desirable. I have already mentioned the large extent to which whole birds are being used on hats and toques. There is a great prejudice in many men's minds against such dead creatures being perched on a pretty woman's hair; and though this may not always be expressed, it may be worth bearing in mind.

Turning to our Illustrations, I commend that "three-decker" skirt to the notice of the reader who likes to be up-to-date. It is built in dark cloth, and trimmed with tuckings and squares of handsome embroidery arranged as seen. The hat is felt, with the brim lined and edged with velvet draped. The other gown is more elaborately trimmed with bands of velvet and cording, and a handsome design in velvet appliqué, outlined with cord. The collar is one of the newest styles, known as "Napoleon," and there are motifs of lace on the satin revers. The hat is felt, with a plume and velvet bow.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, one of the most graceful of women, and having the rare art of wearing her clothes on the stage as if they were a lady's ordinary attire, has



CLOTH GOWN TRIMMED WITH VELVET AND CORD.

some pretty things from a good house to wear in the new Criterion play. Her evening gown is perhaps the best. It is of soft white satin, the skirt laid in those long pleats all round that are being introduced to our notice this season; at the bottom of the skirt there are three deep tucks, and it swirls round her feet in a wonderful way. The corsage is trimmed with lace, of which ends fall on each side of the bust in a novel fashion, but the deep waistbelt fastened with three diamond buttons is the most important feature. Miss Vanbrugh wears her hair dressed low at the back, a shoulder-curl falling over her left shoulder, with a cluster of deep red flowers set just behind the ear. The early portraits of Queen Alexandra show us such a curl, and Miss Vanbrugh proves that it is extremely becoming; but I am not prepared to say that it is to be the fashion—it may be, as I have seen it in a Paris coiffeur's catalogue. Miss Vanbrugh has also an excellent travelling-coat, of brown cloth, fitting the waist so closely as to be a great change from the loose sac coats that we see so often just at present. It is fastened, however, in the popular place—namely, at the left side of the figure—with a chain and buckle, and it is adorned with a "Napoleon" collar in old rose panne embroidered with brown braid.

An anonymous correspondent states that green or sweet corn is not, as it appears to be, merely unripe maize, but is a special variety of Indian corn planted expressly for eating green; so that anyone who wishes to try growing it next year will have first to search for the proper seed. Quite a number of correspondents have written to ask me how they can procure some of this vegetable, new to England, and therefore only taken home from the wholesale market by the more enterprising greengrocers. I would suggest, in the first place, asking the local green grocer to order some heads, but if he fail to do so, I presume that a note addressed to the manager of Covent Garden Market would be handed by him to somebody who sells the vegetable retail there.

His Majesty the King is very graciously continuing many of the Court appointments of his late mother. Among them were, of course, most of the best firms and manufacturers of the country. The latest appointment to be renewed is that of Messrs. Thomas Green and Son, Limited, who for many years held the warrant of appointment as horticultural-implement makers to Queen Victoria, and who have been honoured by the similar appointment to King Edward.

The Marquis of Londonderry has given considerable attention to the fire-extinguishing arrangements at Wynyard Park, his Durham seat. A powerful Merryweather steam fire-engine is fixed to pump into fire mains and hydrants, so that a fire can be dealt with promptly; and the firm mentioned have also just supplied a telescopic fire-escape of the latest type, similar to those in use in the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. FILOMENA.

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THE DAINTIEST AND MOST DELICIOUS STIMULANT EVER PRODUCED.

**Reasonable Reasons for this Convincing Conclusion.**

ORDINARY COCOAS INDUCE DYSPEPSIA because they contain a large proportion of

**COCOA-SHELL,  
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CHICORY, ARROWROOT, SAGO-FLOUR,**

and other adulterants which are

**RUINOUS TO THE DIGESTION**

and most certainly are NOT COCOA.

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LATARIBA  
COCOA  
IS THE  
LUXURY  
OF  
LUXURIES  
IN  
COCOA.

MAZAWATTEE LATARIBA COCOA can be taken by Dyspeptics, because it represents

**The Finest Cocoa Beans the world produces,**

**Contains no added ingredients,**

**Is prepared by the most refined methods Cocoa was ever submitted to, is**

**PERFECTLY DIGESTIBLE AND INVIGORATING, AND  
A BOON OF BOONS TO DYSPEPTICS.**

**MAZAWATTEE LATARIBA COCOA CONTAINS NO FOREIGN ELEMENT WHATEVER, BUT IS  
IRREPROACHABLY PURE AND IS THE HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY.**



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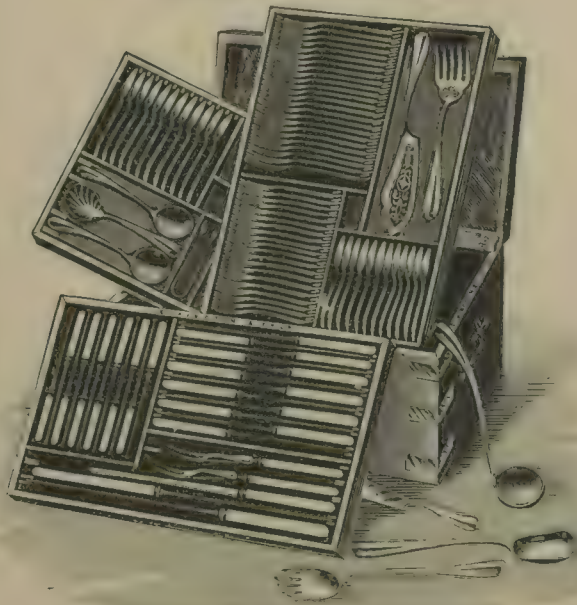
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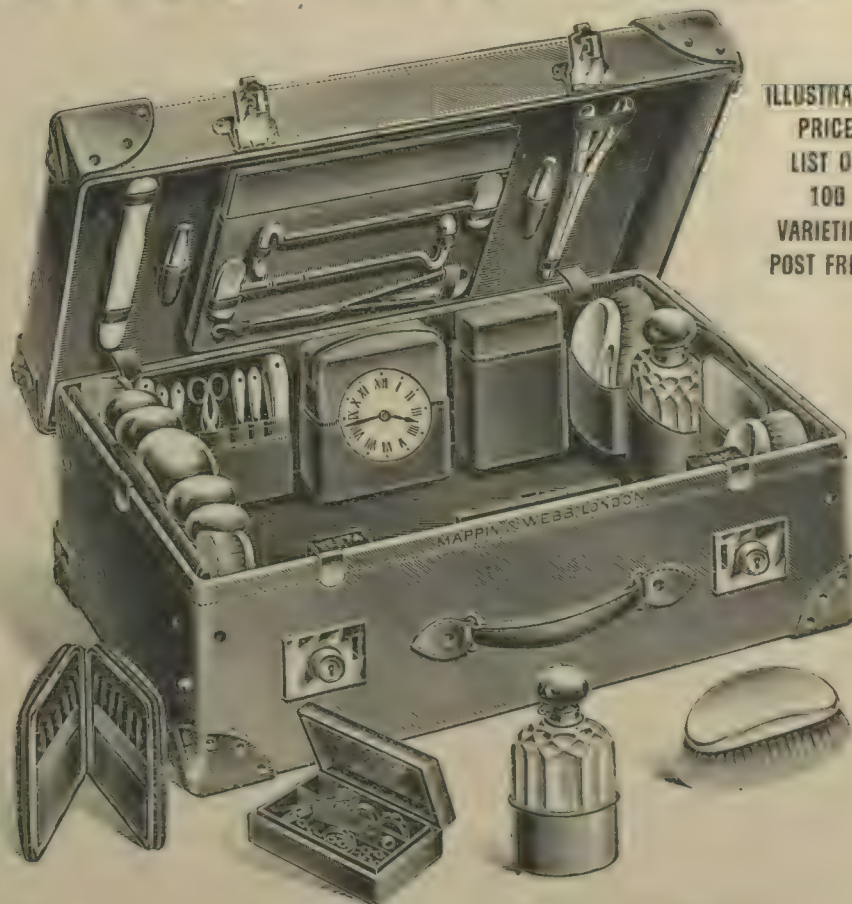
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 15, 1901) of Sir Joseph Pulley, first Bart., of Lower Eaton, Hereford, who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Oct. 3 by Charles Thornton Pulley, the nephew, and Charles Vine Hollebone, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £368,185. The testator gives £6000, upon trust, for Emily Burrows and her children; £1000 to and £10,000, upon trust, for Ethel Eykyn; an annuity of £200 to his sister Sarah Pulley; £4000, upon trust, for Mary Collett; £2000 to C. V. Hollebone; an annuity of £500 to Sophia Burgess; £15,000 to his sister Letitia Capel Oldaker; £3000 to his niece Alice Oldaker; £10,000 to his brother John Phipps Pulley; £1500 to Samuel Pulley; £2000 to William Baines; £500 to the Countess of Chesterfield; £2000 to Charles Bousfield Shaw and £1000 to his wife, Nelly Shaw; £2000 to Florence Parkinson; £1000 to Mary Burgess; £1000 each to Arthur, Gilbert, and Claude Burgess; £1000 to Frederick Pulley; £2000 to Judge John Shortt; and many other legacies to friends and servants. He further gives £500 to the Devonshire Club; £1000 to the Hereford Infirmary; £500 to the Eye and Ear Hospital; £250 to the Dispensary; and £500 to the Working Boys' Home, all of Hereford; £2000 to Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford, upon trust, to apply the same in furtherance or assistance of any object in connection with the Church of England in his diocese, charitable or otherwise; and £1000 to



PLATE PRESENTED TO SIR EDWARD WITTENOOM.

The presentation recently made to Sir Edward Wittenoom, the Agent-General for Western Australia, by the Lord Mayor on behalf of influential subscribers in the City, consisted of a complete solid silver dinner and dessert service for eighteen persons, comprising altogether over one hundred articles, including fifty-four plates. The weight of solid silver was 5000 ounces, and the value over £1000. Our illustration shows the dessert service with the handsome tea-tray and centrepiece. The work was supplied by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, 73, Cheapside, London, E.C.

the Committee of the Public Library and Museum for the City of Hereford, to be expended in the addition of a room or rooms, which he desires shall be associated with the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, and called the Gladstone Room. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Charles Thornton Pulley.

The will (dated March 18, 1901) of Mr. Edward Castellan, of Hare Hall, Romford, Essex, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Oct. 3 by Mrs. Lucy Castellan, the widow, and Victor Edward Castellan and Charles Ernest Castellan, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £107,641. The testator gives £500, and his household furniture, carriages and horses to his wife; and £500 each to his sons. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £2000 to his wife during her widowhood, or of £400 should she again marry, and, subject thereto, for his two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated July 4, 1901) of Mr. George Kenrick, of The Ropewalk, Nottingham, who died on July 27, was proved on Sept. 30 at the Nottingham District Registry by John Arthur Kenrick and the Right Hon. William Kenrick, the brothers, the value of the estate being £92,691. The testator gives £105 each to Sir George Ernest Paget, Bart., Lady Sophie Paget, and George Parr; £500 to his godson Cecil Walter Paget; a £6000 debenture

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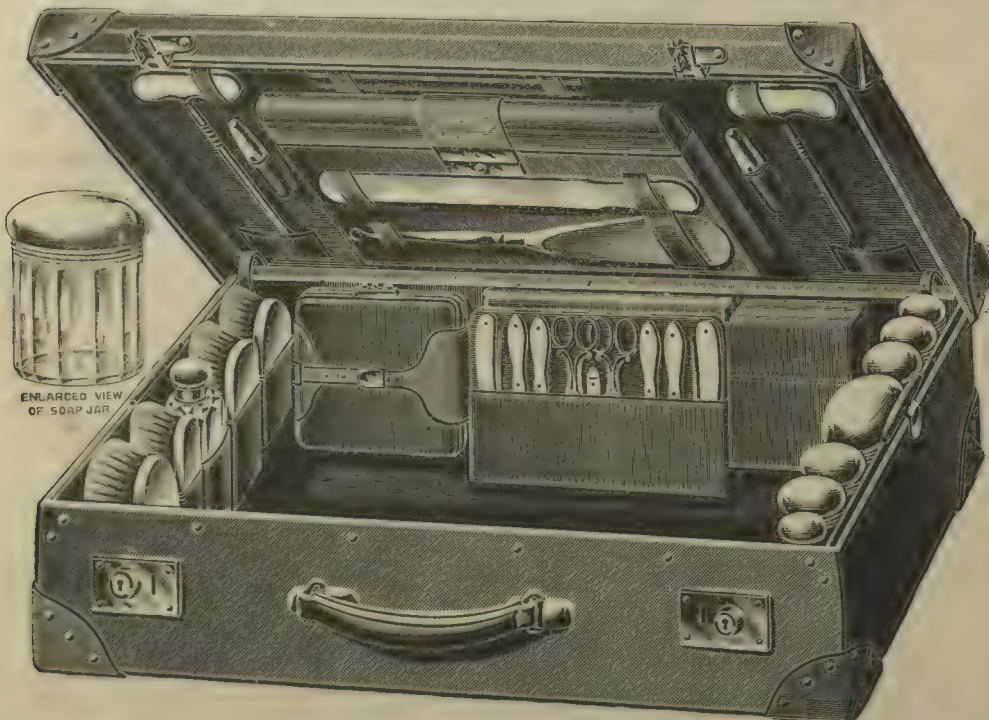
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The majority of those who hear the *Æolian* for the first time express surprise, being unable to comprehend, until then, what it was like. Many of our patrons, after possessing their instruments a few months, without solicitation on our part, tell us of the pleasure they have derived from their purchases, evincing a degree of enthusiasm which leaves no room for doubt as to their complete conversion.

*This enthusiasm is the rule not the exception. Why is it?*

Unquestionably it suggests that the *Æolian* is worthy of your attention, and that every day you delay your investigation of the instrument you are depriving yourself of a source of pleasure, about which *you* might become equally enthusiastic.

The following extracts are reproduced from letters received from *Æolian* purchasers:

"... Can you recommend some short pieces like Raff's Cavaiana? I find playing these with soft stops a striking success. Let me take the present opportunity of testifying to my great obligation to your Company for the glorious instrument they have placed on the market. It is impossible, save on special occasions, when one hears well-led orchestras, to hear anything in music which can compare with the rendering of symphonic pieces by a well played Orchestrelle, and, as a literary man, I find myself inspired and moved by its renderings to a marked degree. It is indispensable so far as my home is concerned."

"... I consider it my duty, and it is also to me a great pleasure, to tell you that I am more than delighted with the *Æolian* Orchestrelle you have just supplied me. My thanks also to the inventor of such an instrument. It is a boon to all lovers of music, and a privilege that such a source of gratification can now be purchased. The range of effect at the will of the player is simply wonderful. Please put me down as a member of your musical library."

"... In conclusion I should like to say that my *Æolian* is still giving us great pleasure, the rendering of Chopin's Concerto (Op. 11) being magnificent. In mentioning this I do not at all think I am telling you anything new but thought it might interest you as coming from 'one of the crowd' in contradistinction to a musician."

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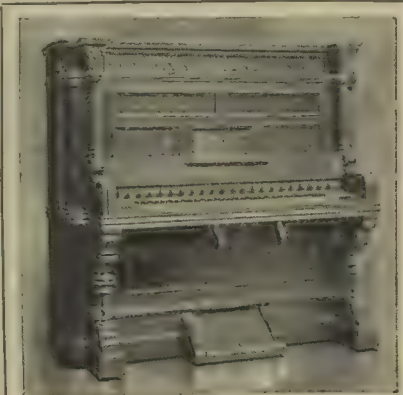
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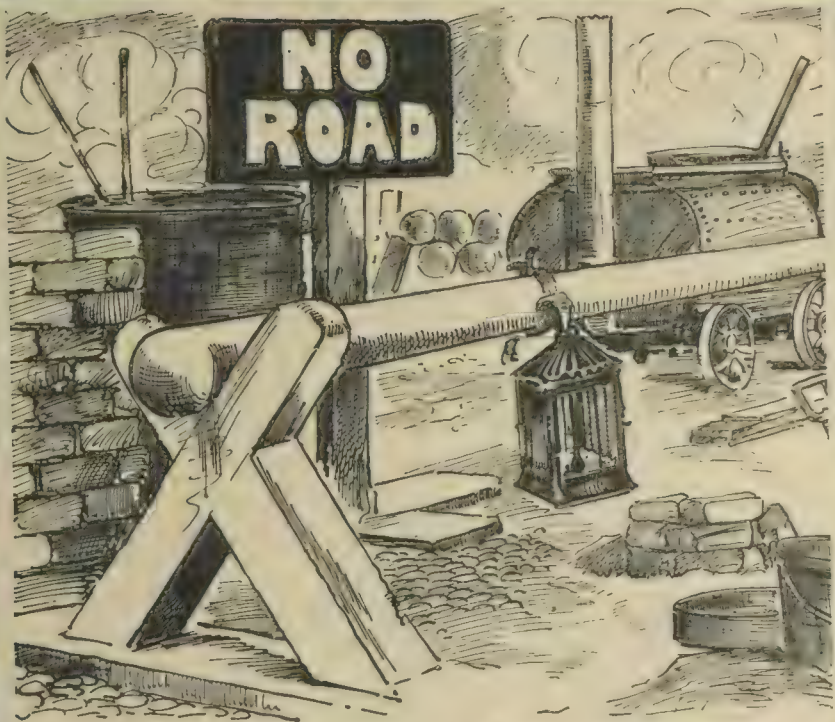
You are invited to visit our warehouses, if for no other reason than to learn more about this remarkable instrument—what it is and what it will do. If you are unable to call, and the subject interests you, we shall be pleased to send you descriptive catalogue 25.

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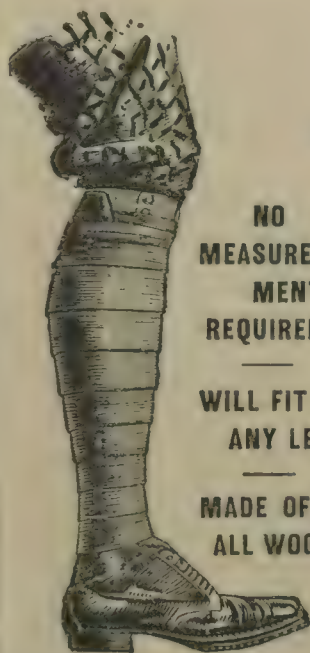
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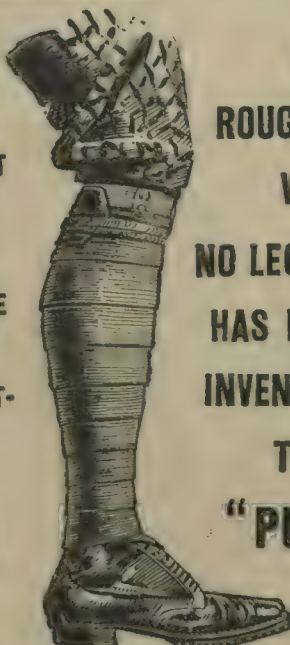
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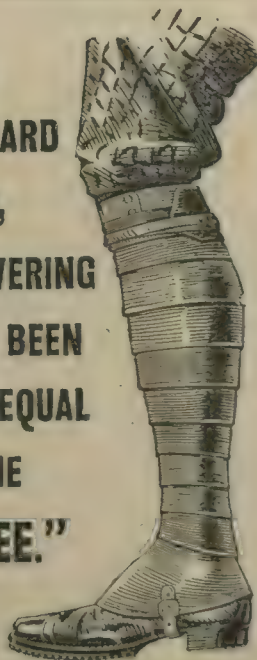
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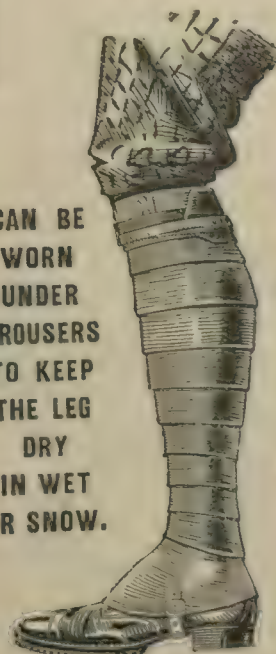
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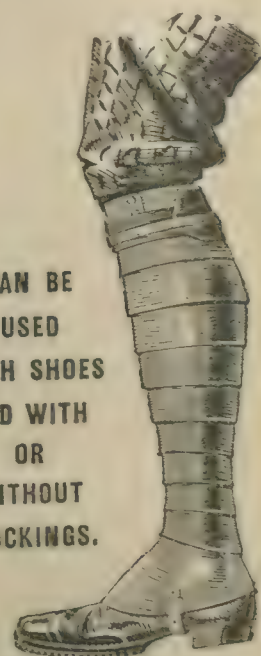
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TROUSERS  
TO KEEP  
THE LEG  
DRY  
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bond of Archibald Kenrick and Co. to the sons of his brother John Arthur; his shares in Millar's Karri and Jarrah Forests Company to the children of his two brothers; and £600 to his nurse, Ella Paget Kennedy. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces, the children of his two brothers and of his sisters, Harriet, the first wife of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mrs. Emma Hutton.

The will (dated June 28, 1899) of Mr. William Podger, of Riverside Gardens, Twickenham Park, chairman of Samuel Kidd and Co., 36 and 37, Mark Lane, was proved on Oct. 2 by John Aste, William Perry Odum, and Albert Taylor, the executors, the value of the estate being £39,722. The testator bequeaths £500, an annuity of £1000, and his household furniture, to his wife; £100 each to his executors; £200 per annum, during the life of his wife, each to his daughters Mrs. Jessie Alice Taylor, Mrs. Clara Anne Taylor, and Mrs. Rosie Helena Matthews; and a presentation silver trowel to his son William Charles. On the death of his wife he gives £500 each to his nieces Annie Eliza Roberts and Edith Buik, and the ultimate residue between his six children, the share of his daughter Mrs. Emma Harriet Odum to be less by £4500 than the share of each of his other children.

The will (dated May 8, 1900), with a codicil (dated May 10, 1900), of Mr. Henry Mark Carter, of The Grange, Howden, Yorks, who died on June 22, was proved on Oct. 7 by Mrs. Mary Ann Carter, the widow, and Harold Mark Carter and Frederick Maslin Beilby Carter, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £32,508. The testator gives £200 to his wife; certain premises known as the Kilpin Brickyards, and ten cottages in Pinfold Street, Howden, to his son Frederick Maslin Beilby; and a small annuity to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Skelton. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his four children, Harold Mark, Frederick Beilby, Ada Bolland, and Gertrude Carter.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1896) of Mr. Henry Brockholes Thomas, of Scaftworth Hall, Bawtry, who died on July 31, was proved on Oct. 5 by Charles Edward Nesham, Mrs. Helen Elizabeth Thomas, the widow, and Thomas Griffith Brockholes Thomas, the son, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £23,478. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; £250 to his son; £75 each to his daughters; and £30 each to his sisters. During the life of his wife the residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, to pay £250 per annum to his son, £75 per annum each to his daughters, to

accumulate £150 per annum, and the remainder of the income divided as to one half to his son, and the other half between his daughters. Subject thereto, he gives £10,000 to his son, £2500 each to his daughters, and the ultimate residue between his four children.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1900), with two codicils (dated Nov. 10, 1900, and July 4, 1901), of the Rev. Martin Henry Ricketts, M.A., of the Vicarage, Knighton, Radnor, who died on July 16, was proved on Oct. 9 by Cecil Stuart Raymer, Barker and the Rev. Henry Fosbery Bagshaw, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,271. The testator gives £7426 to Mrs. Lucy Rosamond Kenyon; £1800 to the Incorporated National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church, upon trust, to apply the income for the benefit of the Church schools at Knighton; £500 each to the Rev. H. F. Bagshaw and Mrs. Margaret Raymond Barker; the Hand End estate, Worcester, to Henrietta Sarmon Gillam and Margaret Emily Gillam; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to twelve eightieths to Henrietta Sarmon Gillam and Margaret Emily Gillam, five eightieths to Cecil Stuart Raymond Barker, and one eightieth to the Rev. James Langton Clark.

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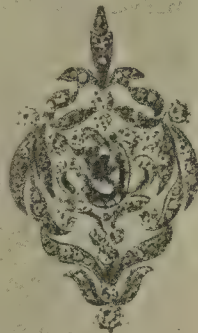
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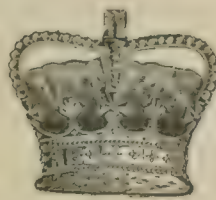
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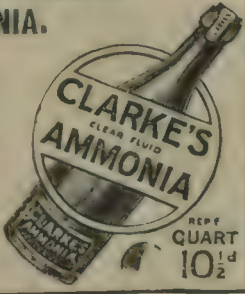
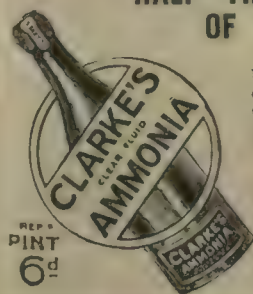
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## A GOLFING CAUSERIE.

It is an out-and-out wet day, and appears worse than it is because it is the first of its kind this season. We have wakened up to find it autumn. There is regret in the drip-drip of the rain, an air of mourning in the mists. The course stretching away out from the clubhouse has all at once become sodden; the trees seem for the first time bare; the hedgerows in a moment are bankrupt of their colour. So might we happen upon a mature Beauty, caught in disarray by some ill stroke of Fortune, and suddenly discover that she had become old.

The keenest golfer is not to be tempted out on such a day, but in the clubhouse are a dozen men waiting on

the off-chance of the weather clearing after lunch. The golfing papers have been turned over and over, and the spate of conversation has firmed down to a mere trickle. A party in a corner have started bridge. In another, a scratch player is pinioned by a greybeard with a twenty-four handicap, who is anxiously discussing, with illustrations, his "customary attitude" in driving-off. One careful man is overhauling his clubs, pottering about his locker, the door of which grinds distressingly on a rusty hinge. Most of the men are loafing in and out of the verandah, working up a temper or an appetite. In the arm-chair opposite me is the Bore, perusing his complete record of scoring-cards; and, to avoid his confidences, I have shut my eyes, feigning slumbers, and am revolving the humours and ironies of this game of golf.

Why is it, I reflect, that certain games, like certain people, provoke mild ridicule? The reason clearly does not lie in intrinsic qualities of character. The public men exhibited for our merriment in the humorous, or so-called humorous, prints are more often than not persons of a most solid worth, and the satire of which they are the butts is tempered with an evident respect. Now there are sports and games in a like case. Fishing and golf, to name two, enjoy the countenance of all reasonable men (unless it be Mr. Wells), yet you have only to mention them in public to provoke smiles and a stream of sarcastic comment and anecdote. Because of some quality or defect, trifling and accidental, it may be, they are a mark for the sorriest jest of any would-be wag. To contend that it is not the game, but the player—not golf, but the

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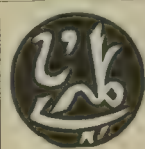
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golfer—that excites this amusement is to evade the difficulty. Golf, it may be said, suffers good-humoured contempt because of the follies of a few who practise it; but how, then, explain that the same folly lavished upon other games fails to cover these with laughter? Even if we derive the ridicule from the players, it must at least be charged against the game itself that it affords especial occasion for the exhibition of their foolishness.

In cricket and other games played in combination, the individual is merged in the general. Personal eccentricities are discountenanced, and should a player be surprised into any such, they are more or less covered up by the conventional tactics of his side. But in golf, the “crank” stands out upon the links naked and most often not ashamed. And whereas in most games there is some qualifying standard, in golf there is none. Let a man fancy himself as a football-player as much as he may, if he do not satisfy the judgment of others, no team will have him, and perforce he must stand out. But no one, not the veriest duffer, at golf need miss his round; and it is true, though it seem a paradox, that there is no player so bad but he can find a worse to partner him. Even at the pinch he can go round by himself, taking (let us say) three strokes a hole from Mr. Bogey; and in that case will he not have played the eighteen holes as certainly as the man who

does them in an eighty? Nay, if golf be, as defined, the striking of a gutta-percha ball between the tee and the hole, will not he have played *more* golf than the other? And who shall say that he has enjoyed it less? The impatient young bloods as they pass him declare pityingly that “Old B—” is still ploughing through,” but Old B— on his lonely furrow is astonishingly elated with a prospect of coming in with 129, whereas he has never got home hitherto under 130. The difference between the first-rate and the second-rate player is a few strokes only, he says truly; and forgetting that there are tenth-rate players, and that he is one of them, he flatters himself that very soon he may give any man a good game. And thus the pastime that, of all others perhaps, is the most expert and scientific, is the one made free to the ineptitude and imbecilities of all.

But every defect is only the reverse of a good quality, and golf, which gives special opportunity for ridiculous displays, at the same time in an unusual degree stimulates and gives scope to the finest exhibitions of individual nerve and resource. If the golfer is to lead his opponent round the green, he must depend upon his own prowess to do it. No vicarious shoulders will share the burden of his defeat, and it is the consciousness of this, no doubt, that drives him often to find in extravagant causes—a butterfly in his path or a ship standing

out in the Firth—an explanation of disastrous results. If outdriven by the other man, he may show superiority in the approach; beaten through the green, he may still win in holing out. Inferior with every club, he has still a road to victory, if only he play with his head. “Stuff” is the word. And whether he win the match or lose it, there remains in himself still another opponent with whom he must keep the score. Even in defeat, he may console himself with having beaten his own previous best; or he may have to lament in victory that he has given a poor exhibition of his form. Thus the game that has no “pass” qualification is the most jealous of its “Honours”; and having no standard for the duffer, raises one for the expert which tempers his elation or gilds his defeat. In these contradictions lie the charm of Golf and the secret of its popularity.

Hullo! What's that! The sun out after all! So it is! The mists have lifted, the sky shows a patch of blue, the trees look less mournful already, the hedgerows less bedraggled. The little red flags, so limp before, are waving us out quite chirpily now. The bridge-party is broken up. The Bore is sharpening his pencil. Greybeard and the scratch man are busy fortifying themselves at the luncheon-table against their respective 130 and 80. And I, like a sensible man, will cease my theorising and follow their example.

## AN ACCIDENT AT PUNCHESTOWN.

It is but seldom that the photographic expert, enterprising though he may be, is able to secure so striking an illustration as this picture of an accident at the celebrated Irish racecourse. The photographer (a well-known Dublin amateur) may indeed be congratulated upon producing one of the most successful instantaneous pictures which the camera has given us.

To the sportsman, this photographic reproduction must be extremely interesting, and it is one from a new catalogue issued by C. P. GOERZ, dealing with his Anschutz Folding Camera (the instrument with which this fine snapshot was obtained). This catalogue, which is one of the finest ever produced in the photographic trade, is crowded from end to end with pictures equally novel: views both of London, on the Continent, of the Queen's funeral, horsemanship and golfing pictures. There are but really few high-class cameras



on the market, and competent judges would, without question, rank the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera very highly, if not actually placing it in the premier position, for the instrument has every desirable quality in its favour. Its lightness, compactness, the fact that it can be used with either plates, cut films, or daylight loading cartridges, must commend it to everyone using a camera for pleasure, while the excellence of its results convinces the most serious of workers that these features have not been obtained by any sacrifice of efficiency. The catalogue, although of course intended to illustrate the capabilities of this well-known camera, is nevertheless of extreme interest to every reader of *The Illustrated London News*, since it shows in a most striking manner the possibilities of modern photography. It is well worthy of more than a passing perusal. It may be obtained (if *The Illustrated London News* is mentioned and 4d. postage sent) of C. P. GOERZ'S West End Agents, The London Stereoscopic Co., 106-108, Regent Street, W., or from C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

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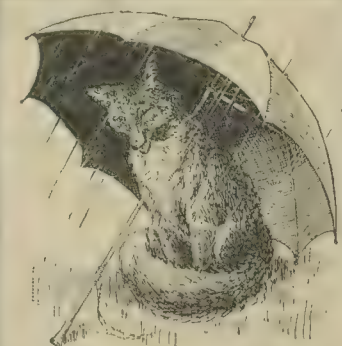
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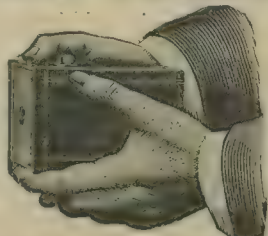


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DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

DESIGNED BY ALBAN STEWART FROM A SKETCH BY S. BROWN, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BALMORAL.



SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 19, 1901.—II

THEIR MAJESTIES DRIVING BY THE BANKS OF THE FORTH



THE KING AND QUEEN . IN THE HIGHLANDS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BALMORAL



SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 19, 1901.—III

QUEEN ALEXANDRA VISITING A TENANT'S COTTAGE ON THE BALMORAL ESTATE.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS



HIS MAJESTY SHOOTING STAGS IN THE BALMORAL DEER FOREST.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BALMORAL.



# THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER AND ALLAN STEWART FROM SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON DEESIDE



THEIR MAJESTIES AT MAR LODGE: SCENES OF THE VISIT TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.



# THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON DEESIDE.



HER MAJESTY'S GREETING TO HER SMALL SUBJECTS.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

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PRINCE EDWARD OF CORNWALL RESPONDING TO THE GREETINGS OF THE PEOPLE AT BALLATER STATION.



The beauty of Silver, Plate, and Brasses, is entirely dependent on the brilliance of their Polish, and it is of the utmost importance that these goods should be treated with a really good polish or paste. There is nothing better for the purpose than Globe Metal Polish or Plate Powder, both of which are magical in effect and produce a mirror-like surface without the slightest exertion.



The Globe Furniture Polish is the equal of the Globe Metal Polish, for its specific purpose, and still remains uneclipsed for imparting an incredibly brilliant and lasting polish to all kinds of Furniture, Papier Maché, Patent Leather, Varnished and Enamelled Goods, &c. These Polishes are obtainable at all Grocers, or Stores, at prices to suit everybody. RAIMES & CO., Ltd., Stockton-on-Tees, and Bow, London, E.

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# HENNESSY'S

## THREE STAR BRANDY

Jas. Hennessy & Co.'s Brandy has the largest sale in the World. It is Genuine Brandy.



You can tell  
the genuine  
Harvey's Sauce

by seeing that the words

### LAZENBY'S SAUCE

are in red ink across  
the label on the bottle,  
as in illustration.

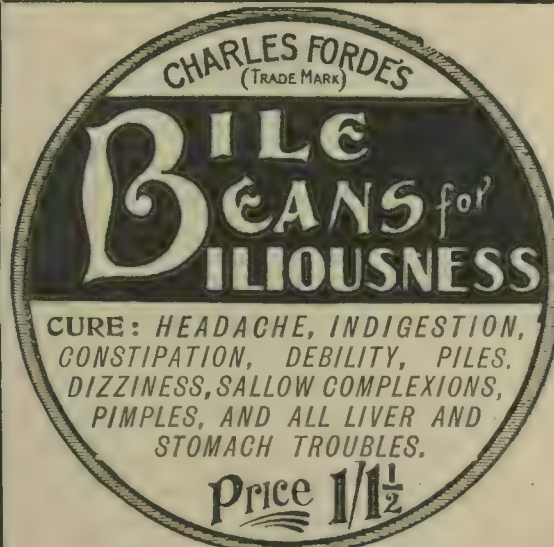
Report on Lazenby's Sauce by Dr. GOODFELLOW, Ph.D., F.R.M.S., the well-known Food Specialist and Physiological Expert, Joint Official Analyst to the International Grocers' Exhibition, London: "I have made an independent analysis and dietetic examination of Lazenby's Sauce with entirely satisfactory results. I find it to be compounded with great skill from tonic and stimulating ingredients of great purity and high quality, and to possess a unique and highly pleasing flavour. It is perfectly free from objectionable characters and undesirable constituents, and when taken with food promotes a healthy flow of the digestive juices and gives tone to the stomach."

"(Sd.) JOHN GOODFELLOW, Ph.D., F.R.M.S."



PREPARED ONLY BY

E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd., 18, Trinity St., London, S.E.



A CURE FOR  
**INDIGESTION.**

3, Rossett Street,  
Rocky Lane,  
Anfield,

Gentlemen, Liverpool.

I have been troubled with indigestion and biliousness for a number of years. A few weeks ago my attention was drawn to one of your Advertisements, and I resolved to give your Beans a trial. You can scarcely believe the change in me since I have taken Bile Beans, and both the indigestion and biliousness are apparently strangers to me. I enclose P.O. for another box, as it is always the safest to keep them in the house.

If this statement is of any good, you are at liberty to use it.

Yours truly,  
M. RAMSAY.

**DEBILITY.**

Women in particular are at this season much afflicted by general debility. This is a state which is generally caused by a combination of nervous exhaustion, indigestion, deranged liver action, and constipation. It is brought about by the system becoming run down. The functions of the body are irregular and weak, the waste matter is not carried off properly, the blood becomes poor, and the complexion sallow. The whole system in cases like this needs "toning up." The diet must be regulated, and a remedy must be taken that will put the digestive organs in thorough working order; for this work BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS are the very best specific, as they act in a gentle manner, and are so compounded that they repair the waste of the nervous system, and make pure rich blood.

CHARLES FORDE'S  
**BILE BEANS**

are obtainable in England at all Chemists', or they will be sent post free, if this paper is mentioned, by the BILE BEAN MANUFACTURING CO., 119 & 120, London Wall, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1/1 1/2 and 2/9 (large box contains three times small size). Three large boxes 7/6, or six for 14/6.

**WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE.**

The Proprietors have so much faith in the efficacy of BILE BEANS that they will forward a sample free, and a book on the liver and digestive ailments, if you send your name and address, and a penny stamp (to cover return postage), along with accompanying Coupon.

**BILE BEANS.**

Free Sample Coupon.

Illustr. Lond. News. Oct. 19, 1901.

ADDRESS—

The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co.,  
119 & 120, LONDON WALL, LONDON, E.C.



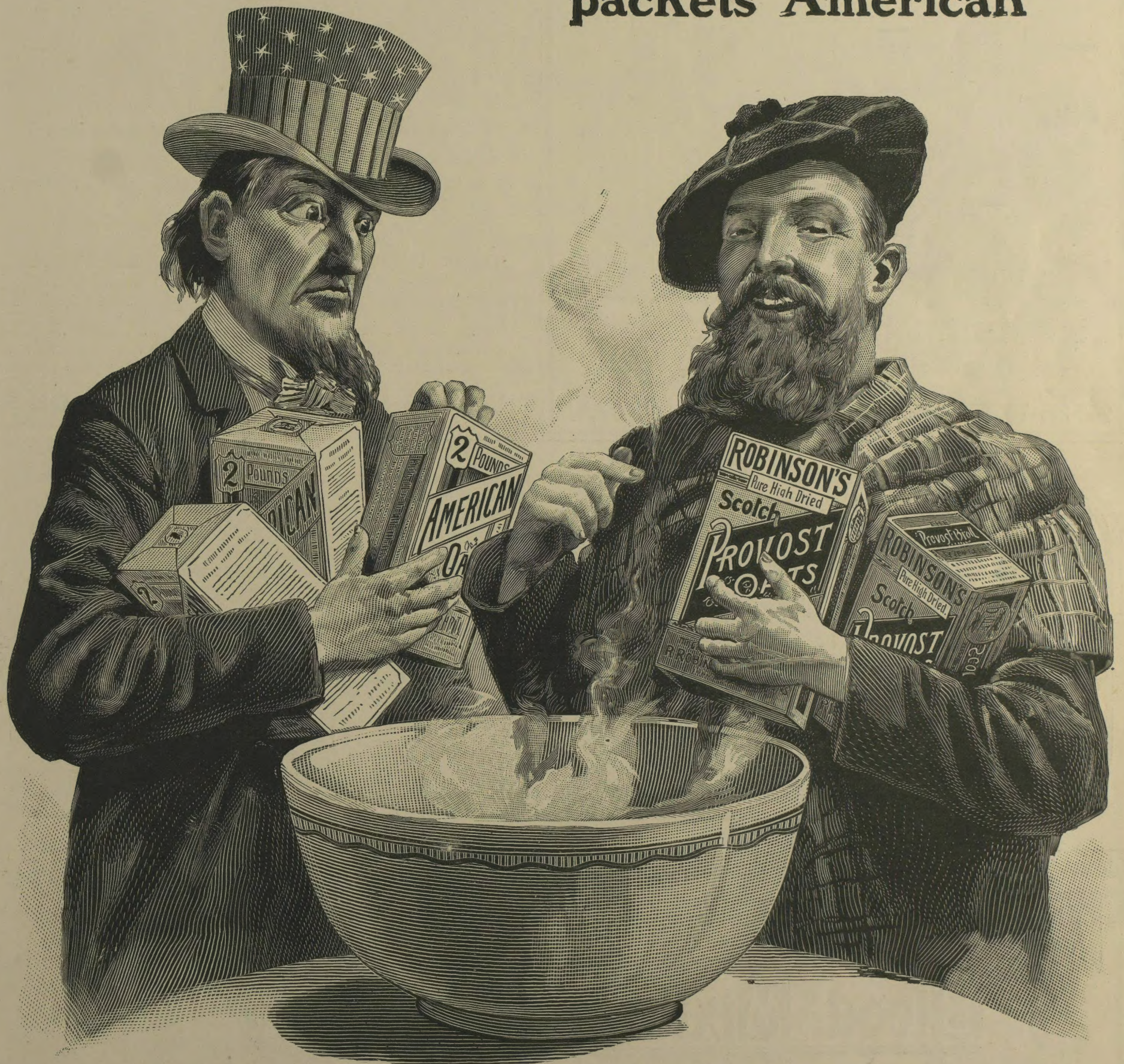






# Two Packets of "PROVOST" OATS

will make as much porridge as three  
packets American



## SCOTCH OATS *versus* AMERICAN OATS.

NO other Food has played such a prominent part in building up sound constitutions in Children, and in maintaining the health and strength of Adults, as Porridge. *This is undeniable.* But, as in the case of many other articles, there is Porridge and Porridge. The best Porridge is made from Scotch Oats, and the best of all from "PROVOST" OATS.

It is important that all concerned should note this very carefully, for at the present time **Inferior Oats of American origin** are being sold to the public.

The daily market reports show that Scotch Oats sell at 2s. 6d. per bushel; American Oats in Chicago, at 11d. or 1s. per bushel. The inference is obvious.

The American Oats cannot possibly be as good as Scotch. Beware, therefore, of feeding your children and yourself on inferior Oats.

If Porridge of the right sort is desired, try "PROVOST" OATS. They make the most digestible, appetising, and palatable of foods, and every ounce does its work in nourishing the tissues and invigorating the brain of the consumer.

We are STILL giving FREE a beautifully enamelled Porringer to users of "Provost" Oats in exchange for Coupons which are on every packet.

**R. ROBINSON & SONS, ANNAN, N.B.**

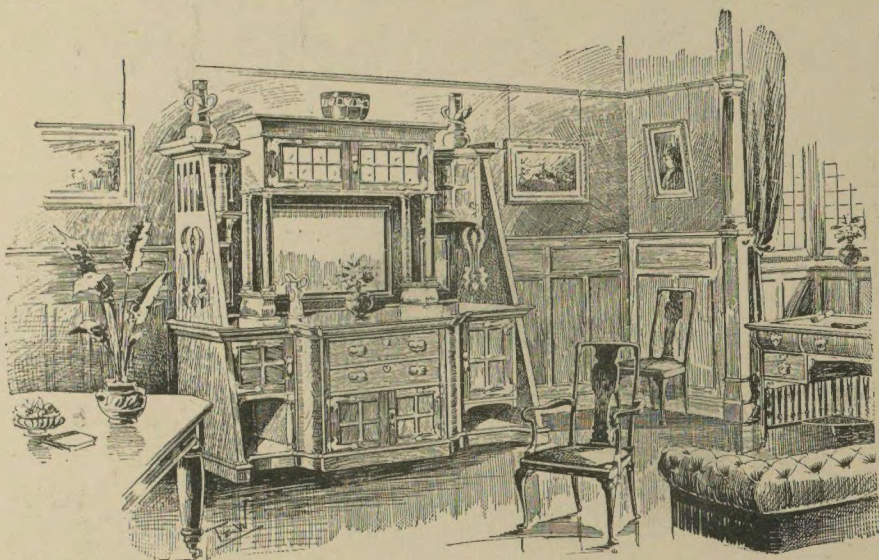


Remember the Prince of Wales's  
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CATALOGUE  
POST FREE.  
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ALL GOODS  
CARRIAGE  
PAID.

## A Quaint Sideboard in Fumed Oak.



This illustrates an entirely new and very handsome Sideboard. Its quaint construction, with its odd recesses, its unique cupboards, its antique silver fittings, and its leaded windows, makes it as unique as it is handsome. It can be had singly, or with a set of appropriate dining-room furniture to match. Prices and particulars on application.

200-215 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD (OPPOSITE  
GOODGE STREET), LONDON, W.

## THE BEST CARPETS IN THE WORLD ARE REAL TURKEY CARPETS

THESE AND OTHER FLOOR COVERINGS HAVE LATELY BEEN SUPPLIED BY

### TRELOAR & SONS

The Conservative Club, St. James's Street.  
The United Service Club, Pall Mall.  
The Royal Marines, Chatham.  
The French Hospital, Victoria Park.  
The Law Society Club, Chancery Lane.  
The Royal Marines, Devonport.  
The 2nd Royal Wilt's Regiment.  
The 4th Battalion King's Royal Rifles.  
The Royal Marine Artillery.  
De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Blackfriars.  
Bath Club.  
The West London Synagogue.  
H.M.S. Albion.  
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The Depot Royal Marines, Deal.  
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### ROYAL YACHT "OPHIR."

Special offer of a Large Shipment of Real TURKEY CARPETS at considerable Reductions in Prices. A few representative sizes and prices are given here.

PRICES QUOTED SUBJECT TO CARPETS BEING UNSOLD.

## REAL TURKEY CARPETS.

ASK FOR A PRICE FOR ANY SIZE.

SIZE.	Ft. in.	PRICE.	SIZE.	Ft. in.	PRICE.	SIZE.	Ft. in.	PRICE.
9 10 by 6 10	...	£ 4 6 0	11 9 by 7 2	...	£ 5 6 0	13 10 by 10 4	...	£ 9 1 0
10 2 by 6 11	...	£ 4 10 0	11 10 by 7 1	...	£ 5 7 0	13 11 by 10 7	...	£ 9 8 0
10 4 by 6 10	...	£ 4 10 0	12 1 by 7 5	...	£ 5 15 0	13 7 by 11 5	...	£ 10 0 0
10 7 by 8 3	...	£ 5 12 0	12 11 by 10 8	...	£ 8 17 0	13 7 by 11 7	...	£ 10 2 0
10 7 by 8 0	...	£ 5 8 0	12 0 by 8 2	...	£ 6 7 0	13 11 by 8 0	...	£ 7 2 0
11 10 by 6 9	...	£ 5 0 0	12 1 by 7 0	...	£ 5 8 0	13 9 by 11 1	...	£ 9 16 0
11 9 by 7 5	...	£ 5 12 0	12 3 by 7 5	...	£ 5 15 0	13 7 by 10 3	...	£ 8 18 0
11 10 by 8 1	...	£ 6 3 0	12 10 by 10 5	...	£ 8 10 0	14 6 by 11 7	...	£ 10 15 0
11 8 by 8 2	...	£ 6 3 0	12 1 by 8 9	...	£ 6 15 0	14 1 by 10 0	...	£ 9 0 0
11 7 by 7 6	...	£ 5 12 0	13 10 by 10 0	...	£ 8 12 0	14 10 by 10 2	...	£ 9 12 0
11 11 by 8 0	...	£ 6 3 0	13 9 by 10 0	...	£ 8 17 0	14 5 by 11 7	...	£ 10 13 0

### SPECIAL OFFER OF ENGLISH CARPETS.

To meet the wishes of many of our customers, who want a good Carpet at a low price, we are offering made-up Carpets as under, in various sizes. The price is very moderate, because the Carpets are made up from remnants and old patterns without border.

NO BORDER BRUSSELS CARPETS.						NO BORDER TAPESTRY VELVET CARPETS.					
SIZE.		PRICE.	SIZE.		PRICE.	SIZE.		PRICE.	SIZE.		PRICE.
Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.
9	0 by 6	9	12	0 by 11	3	9	0 by 6	9	13	0 by 11	3
...	...	1 10 1	...	...	3 6 6	...	...	1 12 6	...	...	3 14 9
10	6 by 9	0	15	0 by 13	6	11	0 by 9	0	16	6 by 13	6
...	...	2 5 11	...	...	4 18 2	...	...	2 8 9	...	...	5 10 6

On receipt of requirements prices for other Carpets will be given.

### SEAMLESS BRUSSELS CARPETS.

Woven in one piece, without join. Bordered all round. Best quality.

SIZE.	Ft. in.	PRICE.	SIZE.	Ft. in.	PRICE.
13 0 by 12 0	...	£ 5 8 6	15 0 by 11 0	...	£ 5 15 0
14 0 by 12 0	...	£ 5 17 6	16 0 by 12 0	...	£ 6 15 0

Many of these sizes cannot be repeated, so that the above prices are quoted subject to the Carpets being unsold.

### TRELOAR'S LINOLEUM.

Sold in Rolls at the following Low Prices, viz.:-  
1 Roll 6 ft. wide, containing 50 sq. yds. ... £ 3 2 6  
" " " " 25 " " ... £ 1 11 6  
" " " " 12 1/2 " " ... £ 0 16 0  
Patterns of the Material in various Designs will be sent on application to TRELOAR & SONS, Ludgate Hill.

TRELOAR'S LINOLEUM is well seasoned, and therefore wears well.

### CATALOGUES AND ESTIMATES FOR ALL FLOOR COVERINGS FREE.

A copy of "LUDGATE HILL, PAST AND PRESENT," by SIR W. P. TRELOAR, will be forwarded without charge upon receipt of 3d. in stamps, cost of postage.

## TRELOAR & SONS, Ludgate Hill, LONDON.

Telegraphic Address—"TRELOAR, LONDON." Telephone Number, 5044 Bank. Established 1832. Eleven Prize Medals.

# HENNESSY'S

## THREE

## STAR

# BRANDY

Jas. Hennessy & Co.'s  
Brandy has the largest  
sale in the World. It  
is Genuine Brandy.

## Clarke's

## Blood Mixture,

"FOR THE BLOOD  
IS THE LIFE."

### THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER,

IS WARRANTED to Cleanse the Blood from all Impurities from whatever cause arising. For ECZEMA, SCURVY, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and SORES of all kinds, its Effects are Marvellous. It is the only real Specific for GOUT and RHEUMATIC Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

Clarke's Blood Mixture has stood the test for 30 years,

and thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures have been received from all parts of the world.

It is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price 2s. 9d. per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price 11s., sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.—BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

## BENSON'S PLATE CHESTS

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.,  
AND 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

To suit any requirement.

### PLATE CHESTS

FITTED WITH  
STERLING SILVER

"IMPERIAL" PLATE.

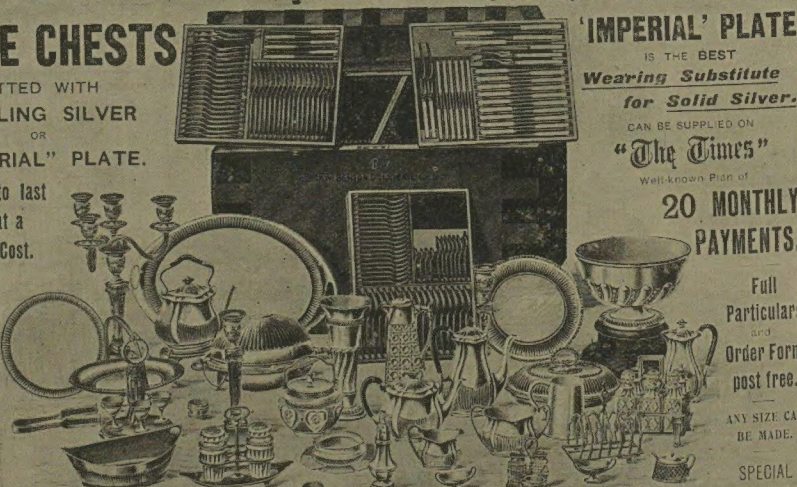
Guaranteed to last  
a lifetime at a  
quarter the Cost.

CASES  
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CANTEENS  
of  
'IMPERIAL'  
PLATE.

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'IMPERIAL' PLATE  
IS THE BEST  
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Well-known Plan of

20 MONTHLY  
PAYMENTS.

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Particulars  
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ANY SIZE CAN  
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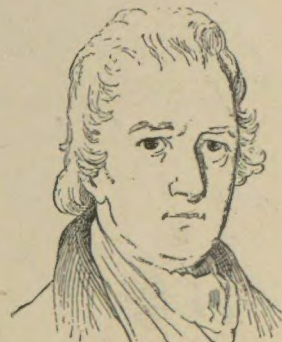
SPECIAL  
ESTIMATES  
FREE.

The above Plate Chest fitted with the celebrated "Imperial" Plate or Solid Silver.



"ONE of THE CERTAINTIES in MEDICINE."

Prescribed since 1875.



Dr. John Abernethy.

# LACTOPEPTINE.

For Indigestion  
and Dyspepsia.


A POSITIVE CURE.

## LACTOPEPTINE Never Fails to Make Dyspeptic People Comfortable.

The administration of LACTOPEPTINE must be followed by immediate relief to the sufferer from Indigestion or Dyspepsia. There can be no question of disappointment in suitable cases. LACTOPEPTINE is so much additional gastric juice. LACTOPEPTINE contains (1) ptyalin, which acts upon the starchy matters contained in the food; (2) pepsin, which dissolves flesh matters; (3) pancreatin, for dissolving fatty matters, including such things as pastry and butter. LACTOPEPTINE brings about the digestion of food in a manner perfectly identical with that obtained under the influence of the natural gastric juice, and a dose taken immediately after eating causes the process of digestion to begin at once.



Dr. John Hunter.

At all the Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom, at the Principal English Pharmacies in Continental Cities, throughout the Colonies, India, China, Japan, South America, and Mexico, Lactopeptine is obtainable in 1-oz. bottles in Powder or Tablets, price 4s. 6d., also in ½-oz. bottles, price 2s. 9d. When ordering do not ask for digestion tablets, but be careful to order LACTOPEPTINE Powder or Tablets. Tablets are stamped thus 

Or sent direct; Offices and Laboratory:—46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Formula on the Label of every Bottle.

LACTOPEPTINE, in POWDER or TABLETS,

2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

You may easily  
recognise Indigestion.

A full meal is followed by heaviness, yawnings, stretchings, and an almost irresistible disposition to sleep; by a sense of fulness, flatulence, or by acrid eructations, etc. As the disorder continues, the appetite is more impaired and more capricious. The bowels become costive or irregular, and otherwise morbid. Flatulence is troublesome, particularly when the stomach is empty; the mouth is clammy, and the tongue furred, especially in the morning. The countenance becomes pale or unhealthy, and the body occasionally enlarges about the trunk or abdomen. Vertigo, loss of memory, lowness of spirits, apathy, and indifference; relaxed sore throat, irritation about the larynx, chronic cough, particularly in the morning; copious perspirations, and eruptions on the skin; dry and parched state of the hair, great sensibility to cold, shortness of breath on slight exertion, palpitation of the heart, and other sympathetic disorders often also appear.



## REFERENCE TO CASES CURED.

If reference is desired, send your name and address. We can send particulars of cases in nearly every town in the United Kingdom and from many important towns abroad.

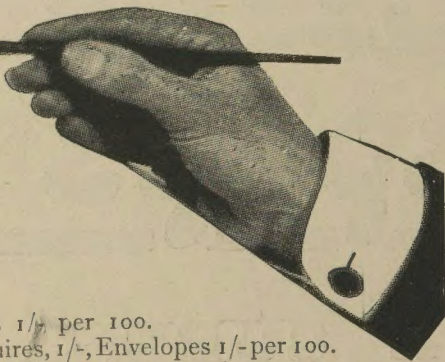
In powder or tablets; in one ounce and half ounce bottles prices, 4/6 and 2/9.



\* If we have succeeded in interesting you, write for our book "Twixt Plate and Lip" (12th Edition.) We will send by return post, sealed down, FREE.



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Of all Stationers. Any difficulty in obtaining, send stamps to our new address—

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Illustrated Catalogues of Furniture, Decorations, Carpets, Curtains, Linens, &c.,  
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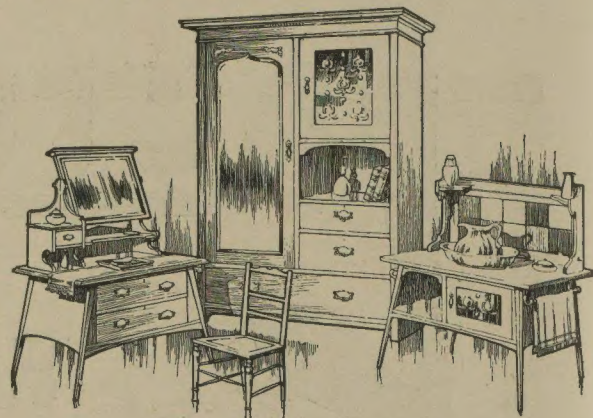
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In Solid Ash, stained moss green, with  
Antique Copper Panels and Handles, con-  
sisting of Wardrobe, Washstand, Dressing-  
Table, and Two Chairs, as illustration,  
£15 15s.

Sent carriage paid to any Railway Station  
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## Hamptons' "Gainsborough" Bed-Room Suite.

In Oak, with Antique Copper Panels and  
Handles, consisting of 5 ft. Wardrobe, fitted  
all hanging and Two Drawers below, bevelled  
silvered glass doors; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing  
Chest, with jewel-boxes and swing glass over;  
3 ft. 6 in. Washstand, coloured marble top and  
tiled back; Two Rush-Seat Chairs.  
£23 10s.

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In view of the immediate prospect of an unprecedented demand for the **Renovation of Town Houses**, preparatory  
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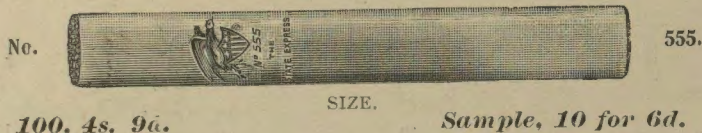
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TURKISH LEAF.



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